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THE *Tatler*

& BYSTANDER 2s 6d WEEKLY

20 DECEMBER 1961

Volume 242 Number 3147

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What's with it in fashion for the party of the year: a nylon chiffon ballgown by Jean Allen rising here from an ornate crown that is part of the glittering string of Christmas decorations designed by Beverley Pick to light the night sky above Regent Street and Oxford Street. There's a closer view of the dress in Unforgettable Fashions (page 837 onwards). Barnet Saidman took the cover picture

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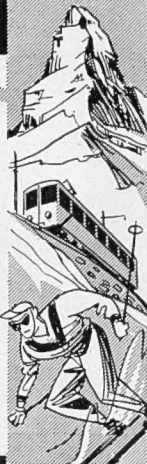
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Information: Swiss National Tourist Office, 458 Strand, London W.C.2, your Travel Agent or Tourist Office for the Valais Sion (Switzerland).



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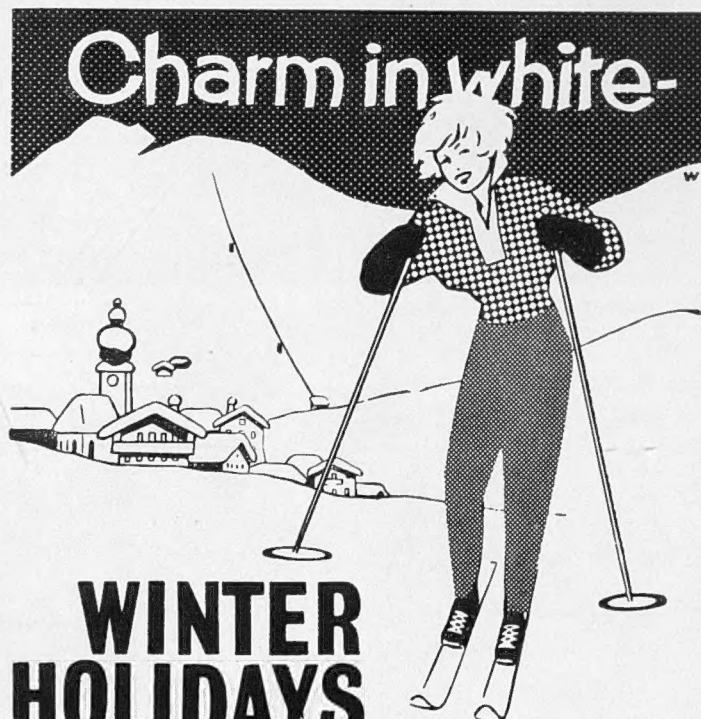
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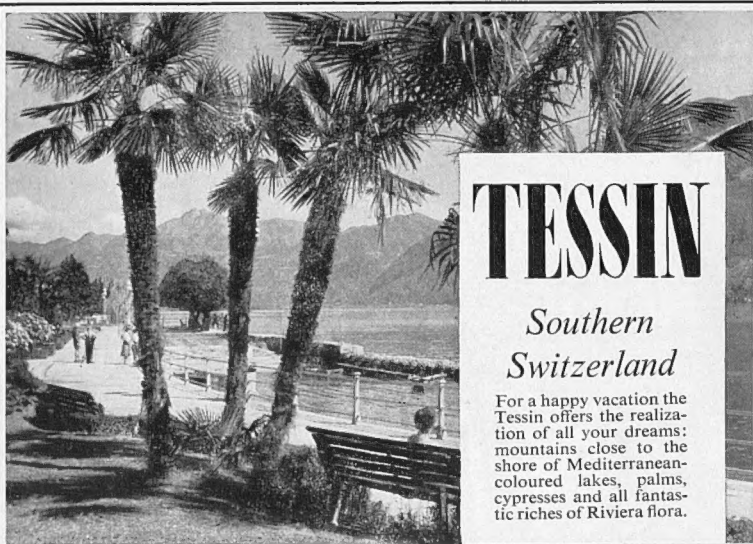
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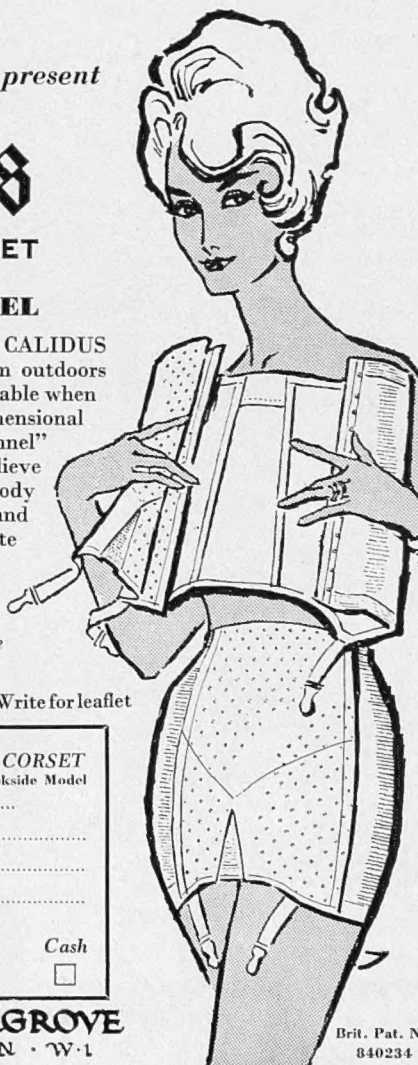
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GOING PLACES

SOCIAL & SPORTING

Christmas Teenage Ball, Chelsea Town Hall, ages 13-20, 27 December. (Tickets: £1 5s., inc. buffet supper, from Miss Meriel Mowbray, 9 Chelsea Square, S.W.3. FLA 3129.)

Taunton Vale Pony Club Dance at Mannsel, North Newton, Bridgewater, 1 January.

Children's Parties: In Aid Of Invalid Children's Aid Association, 3.30-6.30 p.m., Savoy, 2 January, up to age of eight. (Tickets: £1 5s., from Miss Ursula Philip-Williams, Appeal Secretary, I.C.A.A., 4 Palace Gate, W.8); **Head-dress Party**, also in aid of I.C.A.A., 5-8 p.m., Savoy, 3 January. Ages 9-14. (Tickets: £1 5s.); **Toy Fair Party**, Harrods, 4 January, in aid of the Save The Children Fund. (Tickets: 15s., from Mrs. P. Lawton, 8 Ladbroke Terrace, W.11. PAR 8564.)

Cinderella Ball, St. Michael's School hall, Graham Terrace, S.W.1, 4 January, for the League of Pity. Aged 11-16. Dancing 8-12 midnight. (Tickets: 15s., inc. buffet supper, from Mrs. Derrick Farmiloe, Flat 2, 36 Queen's Gate, S.W.7. KNI 7940.) **Christmas Holiday Dance**, for 10-17 year olds, 15 January. Lyceum Ballroom, Strand. (Tickets: £1, inc. buffet & soft drinks, from the Marquesa de

Casa Maury, 20 Albert Hall Mansions, S.W.7. KEN 8600.)

Twelfth Night Ball, the Dorchester, 4 January, in aid of Lifeline Adoption Committee for Displaced Persons. (Tickets: £2 10s., inc. dinner, from the Ball Organizer, 67a Camden High St., N.W.1. EUS 4167.)

Organ Grinders' Ball, Chelsea Town Hall, 3 January, in aid of War on Want. Cabaret. (Tickets: £1 10s., inc. buffet, from Mrs. Francis Vallat, 10 Phillimore Court, W.8. WES 4298.)

Princess Marina will attend the film premiere of *The Valiant* at the Odeon, Leicester Square, on 4 January, in aid of the Mayor of Westminster's Appeal Fund for Mental Health. (Tickets: 10s. 6d. to 20 gns. WHI 6111.)

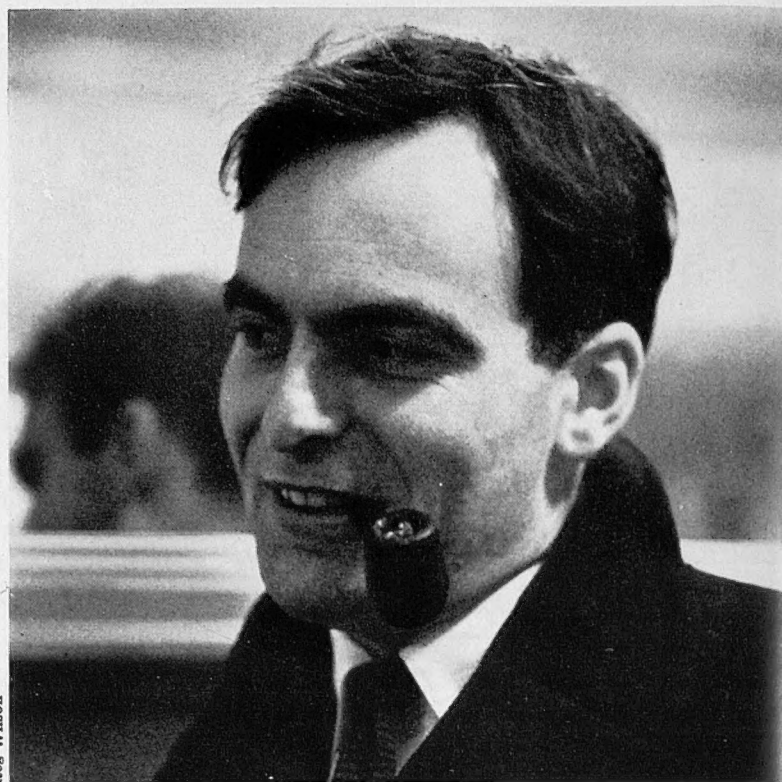
Putney Hospital Dance, Hurlingham Club, 12 January. (Tickets: £1 1s., from Mrs. A. M. Tudor, 12 Hazelwell Rd., S.W.15.)

Hunt Balls: **Portman**, Bryanston School, Blandford Forum, Dorset, 5 January. (Tickets: £2 10s., from the Hon. Sec., Mrs. Beckett, Berkeley Lodge, Blandford Forum.) **Stevenstone**, Portledge Hotel, near Bideford, Devon, 5 January. (Tickets: £1 10s., inc. supper, from the Hon. Sec., Peppercombe Cottage, Horns Cross, Bideford, Devon. Horns Cross 237.) **Oakley**, at Melchbourne Park, Beds. 12 January. (Tickets: £3 5s., from Mrs. G. H. Robinson, Hart Farm, Stevington, Beds.)

R.A.D.A. Theatre Ball, Savoy, 12 January, in aid of the Denville Hall Rest Home for aged members of the theatrical profession. (Tickets: £3 3s., inc. supper, from Mrs. H. W. Rubin, 31 Pelham Court, Fulham Rd., S.W.3. KEN 9833.)

RACE MEETINGS

Steeplechasing: Huntingdon, Newton Abbot, Sedgefield, Wincanton, Boxing Day; Kempton Park, Market Rasen, Wetherby, Wolverhampton, Boxing Day & 27th; Taunton, 27 December.



Reg Wilson

Lancastrian Henry Livings once acted at the Theatre Royal, Stratford, E. Now his play, Big Soft Nellie, the story of a ham-handed television mechanic, has been staged there for a limited run after opening at Oxford. A former president of the Drama Society at Liverpool University, he lives with his wife and two children in Camden Town, but hopes eventually to return to the North

MUSICAL

Royal Ballet, Covent Garden. *The Sleeping Beauty*, tonight & 27 December; *Les Sylphides*, *Persephone*, *Diversions*, 21 December, 7.30 p.m. (COV 1066.)

Covent Garden Opera. *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, 22, 26 December, 7.30 p.m.

Festival Of Nine Lessons & Carols, King's College Chapel, Cambridge, and York Minster, 24 December.

EXHIBITIONS & SHOWS

American Folk Art. U.S.I.S. Gallery, Grosvenor Square.

Encyclopaedia Exhibition, National

Book League, Albemarle St., to 5 January.

Contemporary Canadian Eskimo Art. Gimpel Fils, South Molton St., to 30 December.

Royal Gifts Exhibition, Christie's, King St., St. James's, 29 December to 21 January. (In aid of the Y.W.C.A.)

Tanganyika Independence Exhibition, Commonwealth Institute, S. Kensington, to 31 December.

FIRST NIGHTS

Royal Court Theatre. *The Fire Raisers*, 21 December.

(For Christmas shows, see page 850)

BRIGGS by Graham





John Timbers

**GOING
PLACES
IN
PICTURES**

Playing Wendy in Peter Pan at the Scala this season is Londoner Jane Asher, 15, who made her first professional appearance at the age of five in the film Mandy. Her father is a physician, writer and broadcaster, and her mother teaches the oboe at the Royal Academy of Music. Jane was in the film The Greengage Summer, and has just finished one for Walt Disney



Iain Crawford

Clubs for visitors

ONE OF THE REAL PIONEERS OF LONDON'S NIGHT LIFE IS PERCIVAL Murray, whose club in Beak Street is the longest lived of its kind in town. **Murray's Cabaret Club** has existed in its present form for 30 years and it was in 1920 that Percival Murray put on the first floor show in England starring Gertie Lawrence. Still a leader in the lavish presentation of night club shows, Murray's has a membership list of 92,000, many of whom have been coming regularly for years. But for all its longevity there is nothing traditional or stuffy about the club. Everything looks as if it cost a fortune, the costumes are elaborate and the girls gorgeous—and they look as if they were actively enjoying themselves as well as amusing you, which adds something to the gaiety of the occasion. Murray learned this kind of show business on the Continent and there is probably no one in London who does it better. The food is good and not expensive for a club—12s. 6d. for scampi or an *entrecôte* steak, 6s. 6d. for a prawn cocktail. Whisky is 3s. 6d. a nip, there is a carafe of wine for 21s. or a bottle of champagne for £3 17s. 6d. The club subscription is £1 1s. a year, and for that you can bring as many guests as you like free until 10 p.m. After that you pay £1 per head. There are two floor shows at 10.15 p.m. and 1 a.m. and dancing goes on until dawn. Perhaps the reason why the girls in the show look happy is because they have every reason to be. Backstage Murray's has the most luxurious dressing rooms in London—there are plenty of hotels which could take a tip or two from their comfort. Whatever the reason, the result is a gay and spectacular evening.

Churchills in Bond Street has been made by Harry Meadows into a really top people's club, patronized by royalty and visiting potentates galore. It has an atmosphere of its own with less stress on the elaborate-

ness of the entertainment, which tends to specialize in one or two first-class cabaret acts rather than hordes of showgirls. There was an amusing evening there recently when Bob Hope and Terry-Thomas both turned up and contributed a free cabaret in memory of their first meeting when Terry was working at Churchills for £25 a week and Bob was the Hollywood star in the audience. Now they are both there. Churchills is that sort of place. Both the food and wine is good and the service is excellent. The band plays music you can dance to but which, even sitting at a table on the dance floor, does not drown conversation. The lighting is flattering and discreet without being murky. It costs £1 to get in and this includes breakfast, which you can have any time after 9 p.m., two floor shows and dancing. Drinks come off the wine list at the usual night club prices—though the list is well above average—whisky is 7s. 6d., gin 7s. You can go in for £1 and sit there until 4 a.m. and drink water if that is your idea of fun. Most people of course don't, or Harry Meadows would not look as pleased with life as he does. But basically it offers just about the best value in London among the clubs with a first-class show. Churchills is much more a club for Londoners than for visiting firemen. There are all kinds of visitors who get there, of course, and they are made welcome, but it is a club where the people who live in the West End go and the famous face you see there may just as easily be a British film star as an American.

Cabaret Calendar

Hungaria (WHI 4222) *Joan Turner, vocal comedy*

Celebrity (HYD 7636) *The spectacular Max Wall Show, also featuring Mack & Kirk, Kenny Day and the American dance team, Maria Carmen and Ronne Aul*

Savoy (TEM 4343) *Bob Monkhouse, Ravi & Babs, skaters. Plus the Savoy dancers*

Quaglino's (WHI 6767) *The Dino*

Garcia Paraguayan Trio (last week)

Society (REG 0565) *Lynette Rae, singer*

Talk of the Town (REG 5051) *Julie Wilson, musical-comedy star. Plus the Ten O'Clock Follies*

Pigalle (REG 6423) *Extravaganza, lavish floor show starring George & Bert Bernard, the Alberto Triana Spanish Ballet and Kim Darvos*

be found in London. Of it my mother wrote in 1930: "It is a restaurant for the gourmet as opposed to the gourmand, for lovers of good food and fine wines." That description stands today. Special attention is given to regional dishes, ranging from *Noisettes d'Agneau à la Moëlle* on Monday to *Bouillabaisse Marseillaise* on Friday. And cost? Not cheap, of course, but what you decide to make it. *W.B.*

On the fringe again

At Kingston-on-Thames is the **Normandie**, open from 12 noon for luncheon and 6 p.m. to 11 p.m. at night. Part of Bentalls, it is not actually in the store building but behind the petrol station across the road. Small, comfortable and elegant, the cooking is first class. The special dishes really are special, and served with the flourish and care they deserve. It is a pleasant place for luncheon or dinner, and you can order your meal in the comfortable bar downstairs. It is essential to book a table—Kingston 1001 up to 6 p.m. and 4321 after that time. There is no dancing and it is closed on Sundays. Incidentally, if you go there when Bentalls is open, do not miss the cheeses and display of tinned tropical fruits in the food store: take your shopping basket. To return to the Normandie, I could have done without the piped music, but I am sure that most people love it. The coffee is good.

... and a reminder

Bistro Saint-Tropez, 5 Park Close, Knightsbridge (just by the Barracks). (KNI 6867.) *It is what its name implies and prices are, sensibly, very reasonable.*

White Tower, Percy Street, W.1. (MUS 8141.) *Internationally famous for its Greek cooking. Do not miss the fish pâtés.*

Bentley's, 11/15 Swallow Street.

(REG. 6210.) *C.S. Oysters and other fish.*

Vine Bar & Grill, Piccadilly Place. (REG 5789.) *High quality steaks.*

Room at the Top, on top of Harrison Gibson's new store at Ilford. (Ilford 5588.) *Dinner, dancing and cabaret and also luncheon and table d'hôte and à la carte at The Chariot Wheel.*



John Baker White

Halt for Drunken Lady Steak

C.S. = Closed Sundays W.B. = Wise to book a table

The Black Diamond, 57 Blandford Street, off Baker Street, W.1. (HUN 0376.) Mr. Danny Morrison, whom Lancastrians may remember as a cricketer and New Orleans as a cook, claims that his small restaurant is the only one in London serving real Creole food. This may be so, for ham in honey sauce at 10s. 6d. or Drunken Lady Steak, costing 15s. 6d., are not to be found in many places. If you like your food highly spiced, don't mind waiting for it, and eating packed pretty tight in the candlelight, this is the place for you. There is a cheap and adequate fixed luncheon, and salt beef with yams costs only 6s. 6d. *W.B.*

Lo Spiedo (formerly *À la Broche*) Piccadilly Circus. (WHI 2373.) C.S. Much care has been taken, and money spent, to give this restaurant the authentic Italian atmosphere, with successful results. I think you would have difficulty in stumping the chef on Italian dishes. Nor need it be expensive, for you can eat well for £1, or more expensively if you wish. The wines also are reasonably priced.

A useful and pleasant place at any time, but particularly at this time of year with so many theatres and cinemas—and the Tube—within walking distance. *W.B.*

Boulestin, 25 Southampton Street, Strand. (TEM 7061.) C.S. Here manager Joseph Barnett and chef André Bouvet combine to prove that the highest quality French cooking in the right atmosphere can



Doone Beal

Connecticut considered

CONNECTICUT! STOCKBROKER'S CONNECTICUT! FARMER'S CONNECTICUT! Gracious living, very gracious indeed, veering between the sumptuously simple and the simple simple. Little towns that seem to be all white; white wooden houses, prettily gabled, their windows spanned by dark green shutters, billowing white muslin inside, fresh as mint and no two of them alike but conforming, as it were, by common consent. White churches with steeples like newly sharpened pencils, misty December bonfires, ink-green fir trees. The thought of using the word "sleepy" to describe anything American seems odd. Perhaps one should say, instead, "hibernating." For the overall impression of Connecticut is one of astonishing peace and space, and a respect for quietude, though not of the type that is guarded by high, ivy-grown walls and little fences. In New England there's never a wall or a fence in sight. Smooth, undulating lawns with houses dotted over them merge imperceptibly into each other's territory. New England? It reminded me far more of parts of Scandinavia, especially of the skerry country outside Stockholm.

But, finally, I abandoned comparisons. In a town without a centre, one finds two huge drug stores selling quite literally everything, grown out of expediency and nothingness; surrounded by country of Hiawatha-like remoteness, an absolute and lovely wilderness of streams, little lakes, hills, larch and maple trees. Indian names—Amahawk, Mohansic County, Kitchawan, Lake Mahopac, Lake Mohegan, Oscawanna Corners. Cows, and the irrelevant thought that in this country that consumes more milk and more steak than any other, a cow seems somehow unexpected. A passion for sport that equals our own. Golf courses, superb ones, attached to pretty expensive clubs, introduction necessary; a surprising number of riding stables, wonderful riding on trails over the hills and through the woods, not expensive at \$3 an hour. (And not pompous either: no raised eyebrows if you ride in denims, price \$3 a pair from any village store.)

Small and delightful inns such as the White Hart at Salisbury, one of the most attractive places I struck: hospitably log-fired, quietly spoken, no bustle. Good food, good French wine list there. And those pillars of the American way of life, the motels. An example, the Iron Master's Lodge at Lakeville, a mile away from Salisbury. Charges are the same as for the average country hotel: \$10 a night for two, including all heating, shower, telephone. Breakfast—simply orange juice, coffee and toast—is something to which you help yourself. So (there being no bar) is ice. "We show you where it is, and after that it's up to you," said the proprietor, with that egalitarian courtesy that is quite peculiar to, and refreshing about, America.

All of which was, to me, unexpected, on the edge of commuter's country 150 miles away from New York city. Seeking the advice of the American Automobile Association originally, I had thought their suggestion of Connecticut as a comfortable two-day drive sounded disappointingly close to home. Were they sure that it wasn't all built-up suburb? Not, they assured me, on the route they had given. Tried and proven as one of the most attractive, I list it in detail: Out of New York city on the West Side Express river parkway, bordering the magnificent sweep of the Hudson, one is into deep country with scarcely a traffic light in 30 minutes, staying with the river as far as Peekskill. Then eastwards via Jefferson Valley and Croton Falls (a secondary road), to join main Route 22 northwards through Pawling. Leaving it for Route 7 just before Kent and a lovely stretch along the Housatonic River and through the Mohawk Mountains, finally turning off at Lime Rock for Lakeville and Salisbury. This extreme north west corner of Connecticut is acknowledged to be the most beautiful, and the journey well worth some assiduous attention to the map.



H. Armstrong Roberts

New England: astonishing peace and space

An alternative, though less pretty, route back to New York city runs via Litchfield and Ridgefield, then along the fast Merritt parkway that borders the coast and into town.

Litchfield, though reputedly the best preserved of the colonial towns, settled in 1720, is gracious stockbroker's country as opposed to the more genuinely rural areas farther out. Its houses—still discreet, white and tremendously attractive—are larger and more spaced. The Westleigh Inn, famous for cuisine and wines, has an air of relaxation.

Fox Hill, closer to town at Ridgefield, is rather misleadingly called "An Inn." It bears little resemblance to any that Miranda might have remembered. One approaches it along an imposing driveway that climbs the hill. The immense white colonial mansion is full of antiques, slung with velvet curtains, papered with Venetian red flock. True country clothes would not, one felt, be *de rigueur*: off with muddy shoes. a pianist plays delightfully in the drawing room, and one can at least listen to him for the price of a Martini. Food, with main dishes starting at \$7, is reckoned even by price-hardened New Yorkers to be over the edge. It is said to be French, and it had better be. The best eating places and hotels—the White Turkey at Danbury, the Yankee Pedlar at Torrington, the Nathan Hale at Willimantic, are all well known. Taken on chance, the roadside restaurants vary enormously: and can only be played by nose.

Sea-food restaurants abound. At their worst, one is subjected to Musak accompaniment and Musak service to match; to the appalling raspberry coloured syrup that goes under the name of New York Red (wine), to jumbo shrimp fries with the unlikely accessory of deep-fried onions. Altogether, I learned to mistrust the name "jumbo." But any place bearing the insignia of the A.A.A. is reliable and good, their advice on roads as well as hotels well worth having. Hertz Rent-A-Car charge from \$10 a day, plus 10 cents a mile, free petrol, and the prospect of seeing far more of America from New York—Maine, Vermont, the Appalachians—is by no means the unlikely production that at first it might seem.



PORTRAIT OF A BALLERINA



Svetlana Beriosova, who has recently danced the hitherto exclusively Fonteyn role of *Ondine* at Covent Garden, starts a new series of ballet portraits taken for *The Tatler* by international photographer Michael Peto. Beriosova is seen here rehearsing the title role in *Persephone*, the latest addition to the Royal Ballet's repertory, with Keith Rosson, who dances Pluto



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Royal night at the theatre



Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother was the guest of honour at a party given by Lord & Lady Willoughby de Broke on the stage of the St. Martin's to celebrate the 45th anniversary of the theatre. She met the cast of *Guilty Party*, the current success at the theatre. With her (centre) is Mr. Donald Sinden who appears in the play. Muriel Bowen writes about the party, overleaf, with more pictures by Desmond O'Neill

ROYAL NIGHT AT THE THEATRE

CONTINUED



Lady Elisabeth More O'Ferrall, right background actor Michael Denison. Left: a general view of the party on the stage of the St. Martin's Theatre

MURIEL BOWEN reports

AS THE CLOCK NUDGED MIDNIGHT THE QUEEN Mother, wearing brilliant and sparkling cyclamen, arrived at the St. Martin's Theatre for a rather special party—a celebration by Lord & Lady Willoughby de Broke for the theatre's 45th birthday. There were congratulations for the Queen Mother; her steeplechasers had just won a couple of races off the reel, good races too, which raise hopes that she may have a likely Grand National winner. Also that day the Royal Horticultural Society awarded her the Victoria Medal of Honour for her contributions to gardening and horticulture. Her main achievement in this line has been at the Castle of Mey where she turned a derelict garden into something beautiful that is much admired by her friends. The party at the St. Martin's overflowed from the stage into the stalls. As the Queen Mother arrived the orchestra struck up, *There's No Business Like Show Business*. Supper was served on the stage at small tables and those sitting with the Queen Mother included Mr. John Profumo, the War Minister, & Mrs. Profumo, Mr. & Mrs. Peter Bridge and Mr. & Mrs. Michael Denison. Afterwards, partnered by Lord Willoughby, she led off the dancing. During the evening she stopped and had a word with Mr. & Mrs. Hugh Wontner, the Hon. Harry & Mrs. Cubitt, Miss Marie Löhr, and Mr. Cecil Beaton. But the person she seemed most to enjoy meeting was Dr. Jonathan Miller, that original and witty young doctor with the Danny Kaye knack for funny faces. He had arrived straight from *Beyond The Fringe* in an old suit of the gardening variety and a sweater alleged to have come from a lost property office sale. The Queen Mother and he found themselves with a lot to talk about; she appearing to be as fascinated by what he had to say as he

was by her conversation. The St. Martin's has had an interesting history. It was built by Lord Willoughby de Broke's father. As his son recalls it: "He had been backing plays with the most disastrous results, so he thought it a good idea to get on the other side of the fence." As a result his son, who now owns the theatre, leases it for long periods, retaining a permanent family box with a sitting-room at the back and two seats in the stalls.

SKI PEOPLE MEET

At the Savoy the skiers got together for the annual dinner-dance of the Kandahar Ski Club. (See pictures overleaf.) The talk was of getting fit. Mr. H. R. Spence, I thought, had the best idea. He does regular daily sessions on a get-fit machine he invented himself and called, appropriately a Spenski. His wife does the same. And just so they don't get in each other's way they have two machines—for "Him" and "Her." Cdr. & Mrs. J. H. W. Shirley, Col. & Mrs. R. B. Readhead, Mr. & Mrs. James Riddell, Dr. & Mrs. Tom Greenwood (they're off to Austria after Christmas for a ski-ing holiday plus silver wedding anniversary celebration), and Miss Philippa Hussey were among those making this party an energetic affair. When it came to an Anglicized version of the current American hot number, the Twist, the dance floor provided as much scope as a ski slope with Lady Chamier, Mr. & Mrs. W. R. M. Watson, Dr. & Mrs. E. Goldberger, and Mr. & Mrs. C. B. C. Handley among those taking part. The Kandahar has a "No speeches" rule for its dinners which is invariably broken. This year the main culprit was Sir Arnold Lunn, making one of his rare appearances in the lowlands. In the Kandahar set-up Sir Arnold is picturesquely titled "Representative in the Alps." It is a post of ambassadorial dimensions in the ski world

("Sir Arnold deals with all international situations") carrying vast quantities of international homage in all spots where skis are the U mode of transportation. On this occasion Sir Arnold was receiving congratulations on his marriage of a few months ago. Lady Lunn, the former Phyllis Holt-Needham, is also a skier, and Kandahar member too. This year the Kandahar has its first woman chairman, Mrs. W. R. Tomkinson. "They're all pretending to be terrified, trouble is though that they know me too well—it is going to be difficult to surprise them," she told me. Her golfing husband was there, too; a non-skier who looked very happy among skiers. But for him it must have been all so like home. His four children are skiers and his twin daughter Diana is now training in the Alps with the Ladies' "B" team.

Christmas has usually come and gone before most of us think much about getting ourselves to the Alps. But the really keen ones are there already. Our top ladies' team of Tania Heald, Wendy Farrington, Cynthia Petre, Anna Ashove and Jane Giffing have been training at Zermatt and Val d'Isère for the past month. Going great guns, too, judging by the reports coming back, and likely to provide a quartet of a sufficiently high standard to represent Britain in the world championships at Chamonix from 10-18 February. It is also hoped to have perhaps two men ski-ing for Britain in the world championships. The most likely contenders are Mr. Charles Palmer-Tomkinson, a student at Cirencester Agricultural College who won the Roberts of Kandahar race last year, and the Aga Khan, runner-up on that occasion. The Aga has been in hard training with the Austrian team since October. Both he and Charles Palmer-Tomkinson will be in action in the British men's racing week at Davos from 7-14 January. Those people with a much



The Hon. Susan Verney, daughter of Lord & Lady Willoughby de Broke. Left: Mr. & Mrs. John Counsell. He runs the Royal Windsor Repertory Company, she is actress Mary Kerridge. Right: Lady Balfour of Inchyre with Lord Willoughby de Broke who owns the theatre



envied but busy job, the representatives of the Ski Club of Great Britain at the various ski-ing centres are already packing their bags. A number of them are already in the snow. **Lady Blane** (mother of the new Kandahar chairman) is off on Friday to Villars in time for Christmas.

TALES OF AN ADMIRAL

Admirals don't have much opportunity of going to sea these days, but **Admiral of the Fleet Earl Mountbatten of Burma** is not one to miss a good opportunity when it comes. He regaled members of the Royal Motor Yacht Club (*pictures on page 822*) dining at the Savoy with stories of a recent venture when he joined a film unit, filming off the coast of Spain. "My son-in-law (Lord Brabourne) is in the film business—makes much more money than I do—and he asked me along, not though to make me any high figure offer. . . ." Lord Mountbatten's sailing nowadays is from Classiebawn Castle on the west coast of Ireland. There, in the holidays, he sails *Shadow V*, a boat he has had built over there and which looks much like an Irish fishing boat. There was a gasp of astonishment when he said the boat had cost him a mere £300. Most guests at the dinner had paid in the region of £4,000 to £12,000 for theirs. **Major John G. Abraham**, the Commodore, & **Mrs. Abraham**, **Mr. & Mrs. David Galway**, **Air/Cdre. W. Helmore**, **Col. & Mrs. D. A. F. Home** ("Only since Lord Home became Foreign Secretary have we found our name pronounced correctly") and many more joined in the general talk of motors and sails. There was general approval for the way the club is now sponsoring sail as well as power. From 13 June of next year there is to be a fortnight's racing over Olympic-type courses in Poole Bay. This is to be a much bigger venture than the one started in a small but highly

successful way this year. Boats will come from many parts of the world including America. "It is going to be a big thing for both Bournemouth and Poole and we hope to bite the ear of both a bit so that we can run it really well," **Mr. O. N. Peterson**, the secretary, told me. The story generally at the dinner was one of expansion and building. **Mr. Owen Aisher**, Commodore of the Island Sailing Club at Cowes, told me that the rebuilding of the club is going ahead well and will finish in the spring. The cost is about £30,000, half of which has already been subscribed. He is hoping that a new 5.5 metre boat which he has ordered will be ready for his son, Robin, the Olympic helmsman, to sail in the early season races at Cannes.

OUT WITH THE DUMFRIESSHIRE . . .

High spot of a three-day visit to Scotland was to see—and hear—**Sir John Buchanan-Jardine's** Dumfriesshire hounds find a fox near the River Annan (*pictures on page 824*), follow him to the swollen flood of water and on to Kinmount, five miles farther on. People come from all over the world to hunt with these hounds. The week before there was an American master of foxhounds, and the week before that three French masters, riding with them. On this particular day there was a good sized field, all Scottish, and more than half of them women. They included: **Major Rupert Buchanan-Jardine**, joint-Master with his father, & **Mrs. Buchanan-Jardine**, simply scorching along on a diminutive grey the moment hounds left covert; **Capt. J. Bell-Irving**, **Capt. Orr Cunningham Jardine** on a showy chestnut, **Lady Buchanan-Jardine**, **Miss Lorna Bryden**, and **Mrs. J. W. S. Galbraith**, a familiar figure with many hunts, her daughter **Joanna**, and **Mr. Tom Hubbard**. **Sir John Buchanan-Jardine**, who has bred this unique pack of hounds, is one of foxhunting's fabulous

figures. He's devoted a lifetime to breeding a pack of hounds with unrivalled cry, great big loping customers, all jet black and tan and with the faces of French bloodhounds. Not so much for him the gallop and jump, though he likes both, as the joy of seeing his hounds find, hunt and kill a fox. At 17 he had his own pack of harriers. "Father regarded harriers as *sub rosa*, but mother was a great bruiser across a country and supported me," he told me.

. . . AND WITH THE FIFE

From Dumfriesshire I went on past snow-capped hills and frosted roads to Fife where **Lady Anstruther-Gray** and her followers were remaining out until dark despite the rigours of torrential rain and snow. As the most northerly pack of foxhounds in the world the Fife has some ghastly weather to put up with. However, this doesn't prevent some good sport—two years ago there was a hunt of 17 miles that wound up in the midst of a shooting party which included the Duke of Gloucester! They're a gay, happy lot of people who don't allow the weather or the country to be crossed (it can get a little ropery at times) get them down. They're brave, too. **Lady Anstruther-Gray** has the reputation of sailing over walls of a height and thickness which Southerners pronounce as unjumpable. Incidentally she and her husband are off to the near tropical heat of South Australia for a fortnight just after Christmas. **Sir John Gilmour** is the other joint-Master—not that the hunt can expect to see quite so much of him now that he is the House of Commons' newest member. Others supporting the Fife this season include: **Major Graeme Reid**, **Mrs. Henry Turcan**, **Mrs. William Wilson**, **Col. Michael Lindsay**, **Mr. John Rogers**, **Major Alastair Spencer Nairn**, **Mr. & Mrs. W. A. Drysdale**, and **Miss Jane Anstruther-Gray**.

WINTER SPORTS PARTIES

1. *The Kandahar Ski Club held its annual dinner-dance at the Savoy*



Miss Philippa Hussey, honorary secretary of the club, and Mr. Eric Lewns



Mrs. W. R. Tomkinson, the club's first woman chairman, & predecessor Mr. W. J. Riddell



Mrs. David Wilkinson and Col. R. B. Readhead, vice-chairman of the Army Ski Association

Miss Valerie Clayton-Stann and Lady Blane



Mrs. E. W. Grazebrook, whose son, Mr. Charles Palmer-Tomkinson, is a leading skier



Lady Chamier, wife of Air Cdre. Sir Adrian Chamier

Parties photographed
by Desmond O'Neill

2. The 1961/62 winter sports season was given a send-off with a party held at Simpson's Services Club



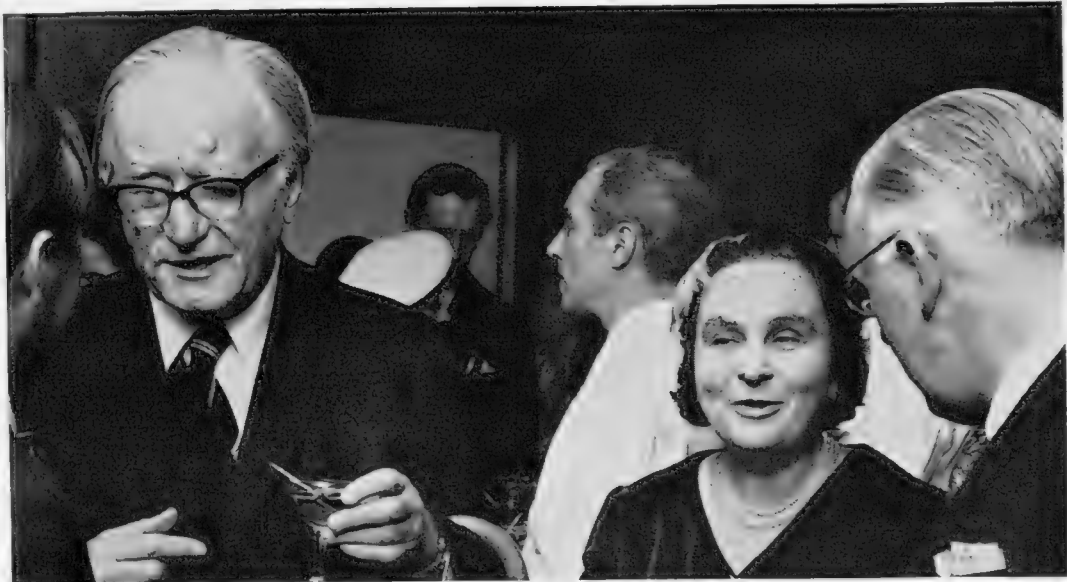
Mr. Peter Kirwan-Taylor, who was captain of the British ski team, and his wife and Dr. S. Leonard Simpson, who gave the party



Mrs. Darel Carey, whose husband is captain of the Royal Horse Guards ski team



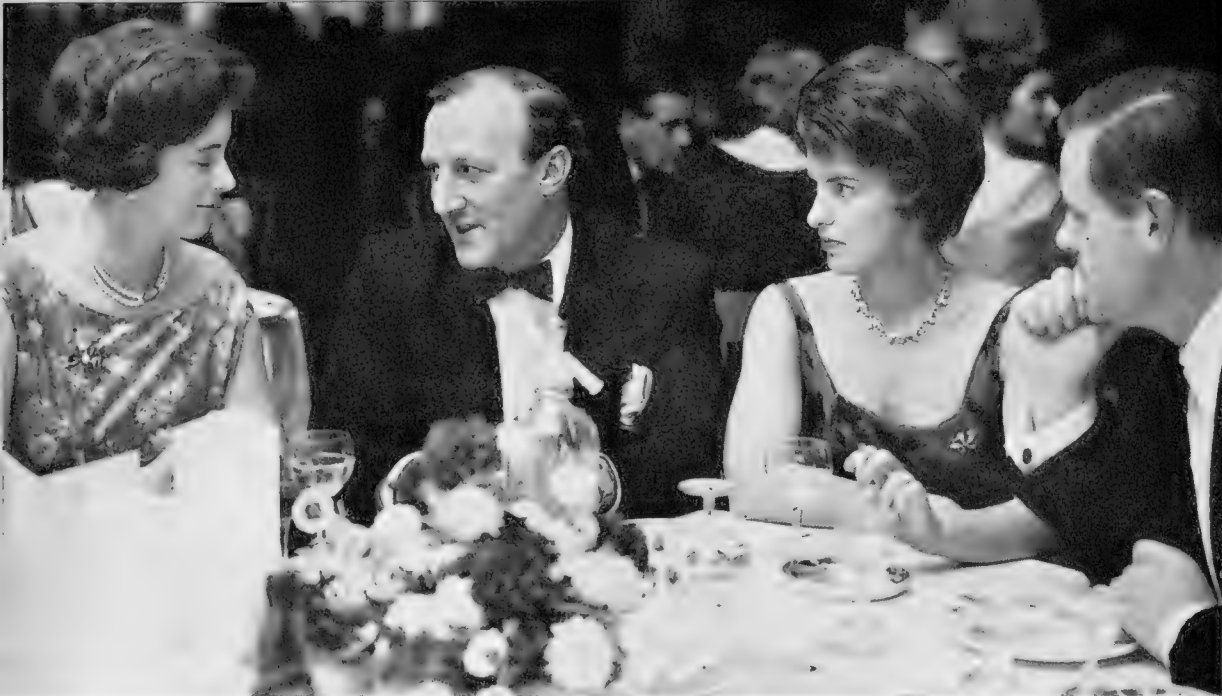
The Hon. Mrs. Derek Moore-Brabazon, whose husband is a well-known Cresta Run rider, and barrister Mr. Harold Sebag-Montefiore



Sir Arnold and Lady Lunn



Mrs. S. Leonard Simpson and the Irish Ambassador, H.E. Mr. Hugh McCann



The (motor) yachtsmen celebrate

Above: *Mr. & Mrs. K. N. Woodward-Fisher (centre) with Mr. & Mrs. Brian Neill*



Right: *The Marquess Camden, Mrs. Owen Aisher and Mr. John G. Abraham, Commodore of the R.M.Y.C.*



photographs by A. V. SWAEDE

Mr. & Mrs. John Wade (centre) with Mr. John Cordle M.P., & Mrs. Cordle

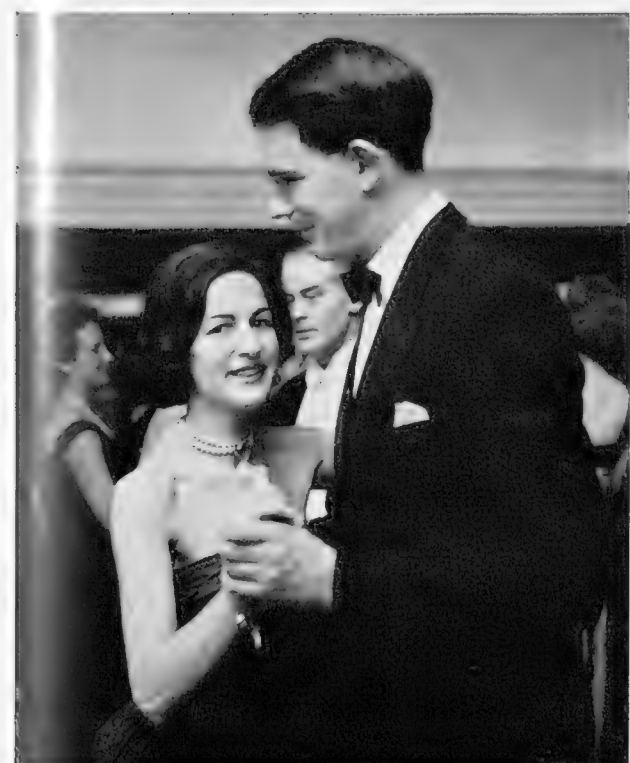
... at the annual dinner and ball of the R.M.Y.C. held at the Savoy



*Mr. O. N. Peterson, the club secretary, with Miss S. P. Cooper.
Left: Mrs. Desmond Ashe and Mr. John Bailey*



Left: Mr. & Mrs. David Gakway. Centre left: Col. & Mrs. D. A. F. Home. He is Rear Commodore of the R.M.Y.C.



Left: Mr. John Robertson and Miss Elaine Bailey. Centre left: Miss Jill Evans and Mr. Donald Biddle

HUNTING IN SCOTLAND

The Dumfriesshire Hunt met at the Turnmuir Cross-Roads, near Lockerbie



Photographs by VAN HALLAN

Sir John Buchanan-Jardine, Bt. II and his son are joint Masters of the hunt



Above: *The field pauses in a clearing on the estate of Sir John Buchanan-Jardine*

Mrs. J. W. S. Galbraith and her daughter Joanna



Left to right: *Capt. Cunningham Jardine, secretary of the hunt, Mrs. Rupert Buchanan-Jardine, Major J. Bell-Irving, chairman of the hunt and Field Master*



Below: *Hounds arriving for the meet at the Turnmuir Cross-Roads*



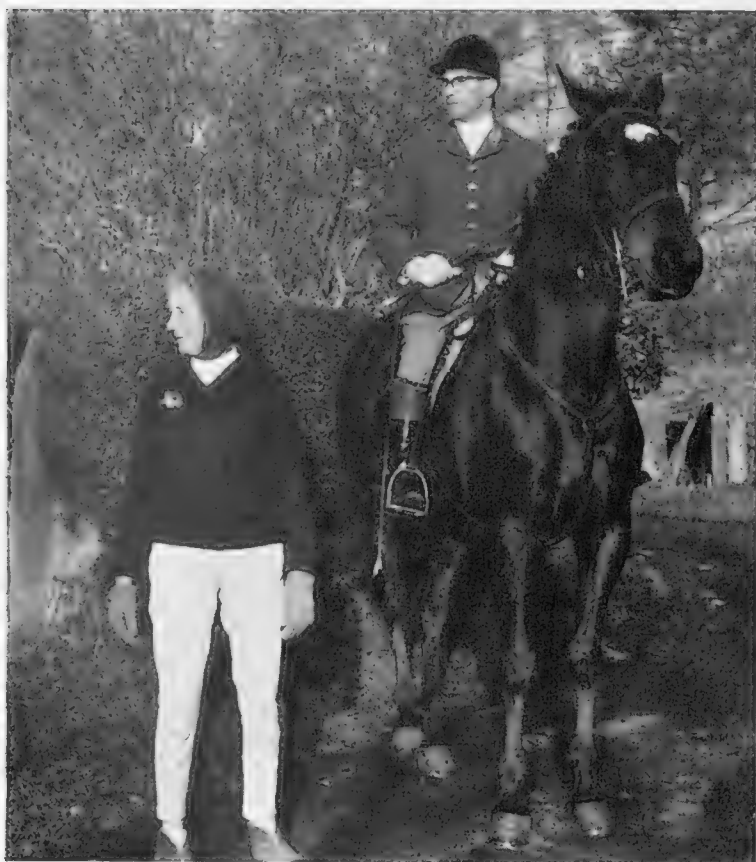
HUNTING IN SCOTLAND CONTINUED

The Fife Hunt met at Cunnoquhie, Cupar, home of Lt.-Commander & Mrs. H. Hutchison-Bradburne

Photographs: Van Hallan



Lady Anstruther-Gray, joint-Master of the Fife Hunt



Mrs. H. Hutchison-Bradburne and Mr. John Roger, who acts as honorary whip to the hunt



Left: Sir John Gilmour, Bt., M.P., joint-Master. Below: One of the youngest followers splashes through a stream



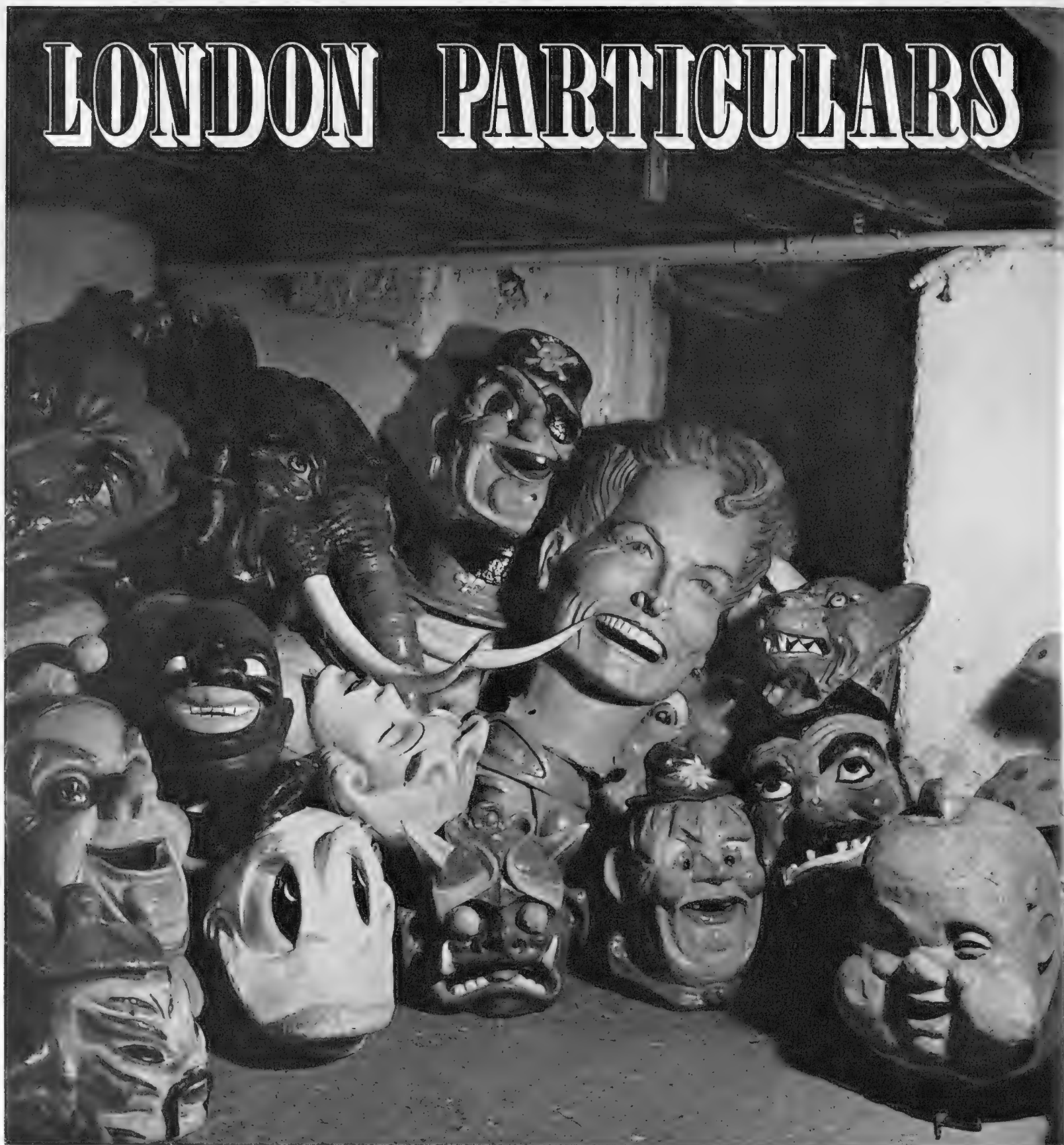


George König

SKI GIRL

Francine Breaud is not demonstrating on a gigantic waffle iron, but on Britain's first indoor ski slope of simulated snow. Mlle. Breaud, Championne de Paris and former member of the French Olympic ski team, inaugurated the slope, which was specially constructed for Simpson's of Piccadilly at Philbeach Hall, Earls Court. It is 24 feet long with a gradient of 1 in 3; the simulated snow is a carpet of fine bristle. The Simpson Dry Ski School is staffed by three ski experts of world status.

There may come a time when you'll need a chandelier, a hydrogen-filled balloon or even a carthorse. London caters for them all and a good many other esoteric etceteras besides. Tessa Grimshaw supplies this photographic guide



Carnival clutter in Hammersmith Road. Barnum's Carnival Novelties have eight basements—stock everything from balloons to masks for fêtes, bazaars, parties. Right: Chandelier surgery in Kensington Church Street. Mrs. M. E. Crick's shop will repair chandeliers with glass of the correct period, sell authentic chandeliers, work with architects and interior decorators. Here, director Mr. George Crick, with a Victorian electrolier





Leather in W.1. Gino at 1 Lowndes Court not only supplies top couture houses with belts and leather accessories, but also makes, repairs and copies handbags. Gino (with belt) and Mr. Edward Sterrett are amongst the finest leather workers in town. Below: Mr. Sterrett, who also paints under the influence of hypnosis, working on a handbag

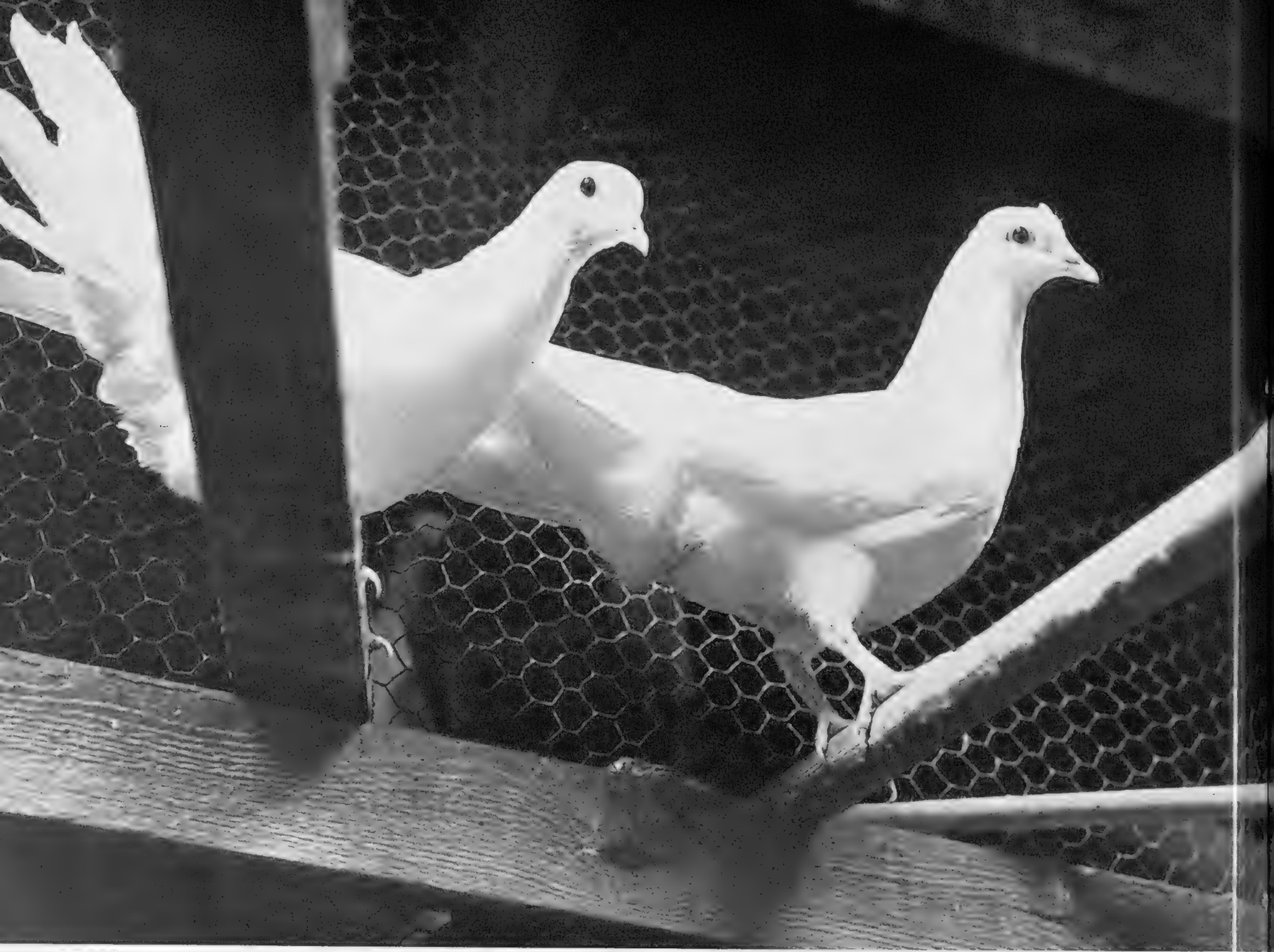


Genealogy in S.W.1. At No. 14 Lower Sloane Street. Mr. Vivian Ottley-Ward-Jackson will vet pedigrees, armorial bearings and prove titlements of unclaimed property. His firm, Ottley & Ottley, will also reproduce the blazon of coats of arms for wall plaques. Here Mr. Ottley-Ward-Jackson deals with an American client



Harps in the Brompton Road. Maria Korchinska, one of the handful of internationally known harpists, discusses the instrument with a repair man at the shop of J. G. Morley. They sell and repair clavichords and clarsachs (a small pedal-less Celtic harp) among other picturesque and unlooked-for instruments





Birds in Camden Town. The Regent Pet Stores at 35 Parkway, N.W.1, deal in everything alive from baby alligators to South American toads. If you suddenly need a pair of young peacocks or some flamingoes, this is the place to find them





Horses in Middlesex. Southall Market has been going since the days of William of Orange; the present auctioneers, Messrs. Richard J. Steel, have been at Southall for nearly 100 years. The market operates every Wednesday from 8 a.m., auctions start at midday. Horses are the main sale, together with pigs (below)



CHRISTMAS



TOY FAIR



Every December toy shops are crammed with adults ostensibly buying for their children, but having the time of their life. Every Christmas morning fathers are flat on the floor "just fixing up" the electric train, or racing across the heath "to show" junior how to fly the new kite. There isn't an age limit when it comes to games and toys. That's why the collection on the left won't spend much time on the shelves.

From left, *back row*: **Teasing Pegs**—a kind of solitaire from Denmark—wooden board with 36 pegs (approx. £3 19s. 6d., Oscar Woollens, Finchley Road, N.W.3); **Autobridge** for those temporarily without bridge partners (de luxe set £2 10s., Hamleys); **Quaker Girl**, one of a series of hand-made undressable Cottage Dolls (£1 16s. 9d., Heals); **Cubi** German wooden interlocking puzzle (£1 13s. 9d., Primavera); **Shove-ha'penny board** (£2 2s. 11d., Hamleys); **Tri-ang inter-continental electric train set** (£5 19s. 6d. basic set, Harrods); small **carpet bowls** (£1 18s. 6d., Hamleys); *Centre row*: **Backgammon set** (£6 6s., Harrods); **Kaleidoscope** with a difference—nothing inside to shake, instead the patterns are formed by objects seen through it (18s. 6d., at Heals—if you're lucky—they only have a few at a time and cannot take orders); Charles Eames's **House of Cards**, giant version £2 3s. 6d., small version £1 3s. 6d.; **Prince Charming** from the Cottage Doll series £2 5s. (all Heals); wooden **Japanese painted doll** (19s. 6d., Liberty's); decorative wooden **construction blocks** (£3 17s. 6d. for eight, Primavera); **Labyrinth puzzle** (£3 15s., Fortnum & Mason); **Comedia playing cards** (made by Thos. De La Rue, from stationers, about 17s. 6d. twin packs); **Doodlemaster** drawing by remote control (£1 19s. 11d., Fortnum & Mason); large de luxe **compendium of games** in wood and embossed leather case (£36 15s., Liberty's); **small compendium** (about £6 8s., made by Thos. De La Rue, from stationers); *Front row*: **Kimbo**, Waddingtons new board game (£1 1s. 6d., Selfridges); **Roulette wheel** (10 gns. complete set in black case, Fortnum & Mason); **Double nine dominoes** in wooden box (£4 2s. 6d., Hamleys); **Lion & Unicorn court cards** illustrated with historical characters (about £1 0s. 6d., twin packs, made by Thos. De La Rue, from stationers); **Five Hundred**, a new card game (7s. 9d., Selfridges); Danish **"Roll-ette" board** with top and six wooden balls (£3 19s. 8d., Oscar Woollens)

Yule and the U-boats

Lord Kilbracken

I HAVE ONLY ONCE BEEN ALL AT SEA (IN THE LITERAL sense) on Christmas Day. This was on board the MAC-ship *Adula* in the fifth year of the war. There had, I remember, been a good deal of moaning at the bar when we learned we would be sailing—from Gourock in the Clyde to Halifax, Nova Scotia—on 18 December. We'd been hoping for some Christmas leave on one side of the Atlantic or the other, and the passage with a slow convoy would take us at least three weeks.

Our hearts were somewhat cheered by the happy knowledge that our Chief Steward (whom God preserve) had taken on ample stocks of traditional Christmas fare, both solid and liquid, with which to regale us somewhere in mid-Atlantic. A conference was held soon after sailing to determine when these might be most enjoyably used. The midday meal is the conventional time for such over-indulgence, and there would be complications if we chose the evening because the stewards had to be paid overtime if they worked after 7 p.m. (MAC-ships wore the Red Ensign, I'd better mention.) But there was a factor which overrode both these considerations: it was possible—just possible—that the U-boats would be so unsporting as to put in an appearance, and we couldn't risk celebrating till any chance of flying was over for the day. It was tricky enough to land on that heaving flight deck at the best of times—it was the third smallest in the world—and it would be asking for trouble to try it under conditions liberally laced with the true Christmas spirit (rum).

We were not equipped for night landings, so we managed to square the stewards and arranged to start our party as soon as darkness fell on Christmas Day, though aircrews would be unable to continue it much after midnight, in case by some unhappy chance we were required for dawn patrol next day. Then we got down to the usual MAC-ship routine: long hours at readiness, when we had to be prepared for take-off at five minutes' notice, but more poker in the Ops Room than actual aviation.

There was another carrier with us in the convoy—the Dutchman *Gadila*—who had all of three aircraft (as we did). With this immense striking force it would seldom be necessary, except in emergency, for any given aircrew to fly more than one patrol in any given day. And things became so quiet that we learned on Christmas Eve from the Senior Officer Escort, who was the man who mattered, that he did not expect to have to ask us to fly at all next day. He put us there and then at an hour's readiness, instead of five minutes'; this meant we could have the unusual luxury of a "long lie" next morning, since it is an empirically proven fact that one can be awakened, dress, drink two cups of black coffee and smoke a cigarette (i.e., have breakfast), be briefed and get airborne in under 40 minutes.

However, before midnight, the S.O.E. regretfully found

it necessary to countermand these orders. A U-boat had been detected—she was transmitting a weather report—some 250 miles to our north-west. We were altering course to south'ard, and the danger was far from acute, but he would have to put the crews of *one* carrier back to five minutes' readiness. He had tossed a coin, he told us, and the *Adula* had lost; bang went our "long lie." He would furthermore require one unlucky crew to take off at 0800 on a routine dawn patrol—dawn tends to be delayed when you're sailing westward—at visibility distance round and round the convoy. And I, as it happened, was the pilot at the top of the roster.

So my Christmas got going with a "shake" at 7 a.m., while the boys in the *Gadila* were still peacefully zizzing. It was pitch dark and a heavy swell was running. We were airborne on the dot, with the first streaks of daylight in the sky astern of us, and then for three hungry hours we monotonously circled the convoy without seeing a sausage (to use the then-current phrase). That was quite long enough; but when at last we returned to the carrier, it was only to learn by Aldis lamp that they were having trouble with the arrester wires and our landing would be delayed. We proceeded to orbit for nearly an hour, getting hungrier and hungrier, till they signalled us again. This was to tell us cheerfully that we would have run out of petrol before they could expect to have the arrester wires working, and that the only possible course open to us was therefore to land on the *Gadila*.

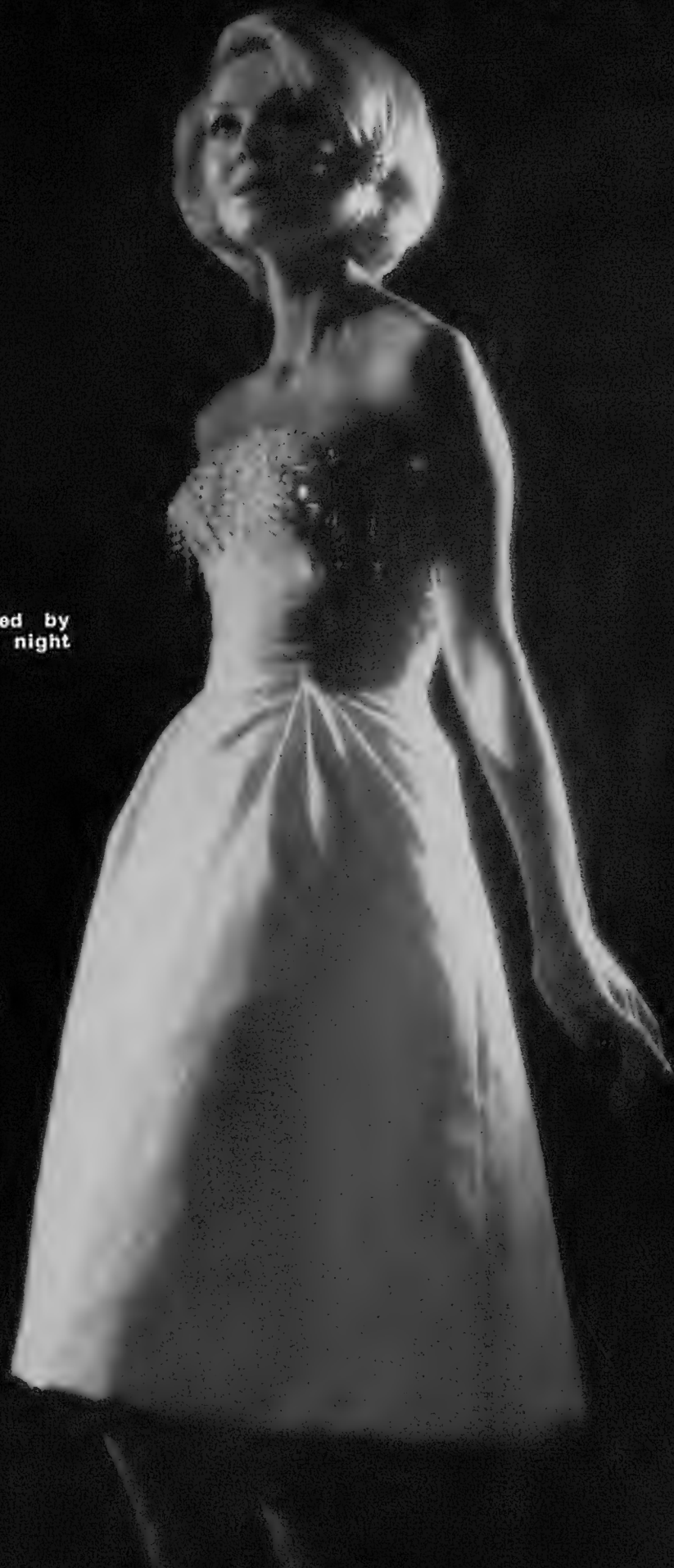
Rather reluctantly and sleepily (or so it seemed), the Dutchman turned to windward for us and we landed gratefully. Now the Dutch, as we knew already, are a hospitable race, and it soon became clear that they thought a special welcome necessary when a strange aircrew arrived amongst them—in mid-Atlantic, on Christmas Day, and after a long and tiresome "dawners." They had planned their main meal of the day—turkey, Christmas pudding, the lot—for 1 p.m., so we would share it with them. But first, surely, one little Bols wouldn't do us any harm? And one little Bols, as you may or may not know, is inclined to lead to another.

Well, it was late afternoon before they fixed those arrester wires and we could return to the *Adula*; this was convenient, because it was just when the lunchtime party on board the *Gadila* was ending. The two carriers turned into wind together, so that we could take off from one of them and then at once land on the other; it was a shaky little flight of about two minutes, but I put her down in one piece. It was also convenient because darkness was approaching, and the *Adula* party was just about to start. We had been unfortunate, perhaps, in being the only ones who had to fly that day, but at least we got *two* slap-up Christmas dinners in return.

UNFORGETTABLE FASHIONS

Against the highlights of London, designed by
Heverley Pick, party dresses to dance the night
through from now until springtime

PHOTOGRAPHS: BARNET SAIDMAN
OUT-OF-TOWN STOCKISTS ON PAGE 844



Big date dress in ice organza beaded in crystal and silver, by Frank Usher at Oresta: 29 gns.

SPOTLIGHT IN FOUR ACTS

Cloud of bouffant corn organza for Ingenue, first long dress, Harrode; topaz clip from Liberty

Strapless lilac silk ballgown, enriched with pearls; Harrode; chandelier necklace from Adrien Mann





On Beverley Pick's right, the girl in white lace and satin, Kiki Byrne 21 gns.; diamond clip from Gosschalk, on left, dinner dress in burnished gold brocade at Liberty

Fiery red satin for full evening at Belinda Bellville,
about 98 gns.





What to wear to come home with the milk—romantic bouffant chiffon with tiny waist and camisole top. Not on show, the lavish satin bolero. In soft lantern-glow pink by Jean Allen, at Hunts, W.1: 26 gns.





Great blaze of gold lamé for a voluminous ballgown
designed by Frederick Starke, at Liberty: 37 gns.
Pearl necklace: Gosschalk

Left: Crinoline skirt of navy organza, tiny bolero top
in blue crystal embroidery, Gina Couture at Violet
York: 40 gns.



Filmy chiffon swathed into short dance number, in mist grey with sparkling embroidery. Muriel Martin at Harvey Nichols: 45 gns.

OUT OF TOWN STOCKISTS

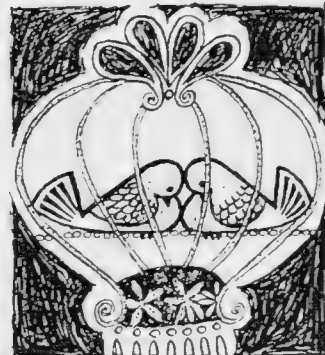
- P. 837 Frank Usher: All branches of Cresta Silks; Chanal, Leeds.
P. 841 Jean Allen: Nora Bradley, Guildford; County Clothes, Cheltenham.
P. 842 Gina Couture: Fenwicks, Newcastle-on-Tyne; Jenners, Edinburgh.
P. 843 Frederick Starke: Edith Dennett, Wilmslow.
P. 844 Muriel Martin: Nola, Chester; Jean Paton, Glasgow.

12 DAYS OF CHRISTMAS

EDITION 1961 DEvised BY J. ROGER BAKER, WITH DRAWINGS BY SHEILA BRIDGLAND



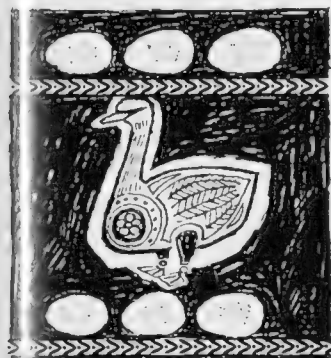
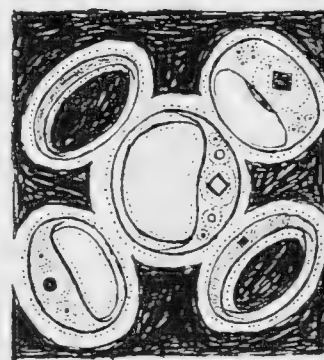
On the first day of Christmas my true love sent to me
A partridge, poached in wine, and an avocado-pear tree;
On the second day of Christmas my true love sent to me
Two turtle doves in a Fabergé cage



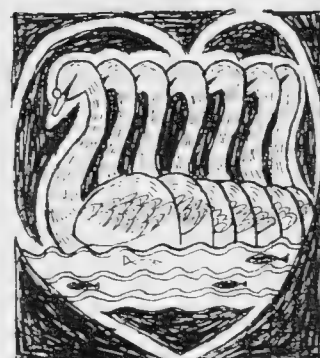
On the third day of Christmas my true love sent to me
Three French hens, roasted, served cold with salad
On the fourth day of Christmas my true love sent to me
Four colly birds, deliciously crystallized and packed by Fortnums



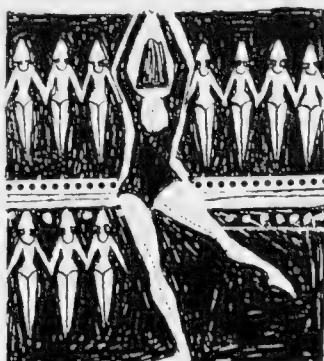
On the fifth day of Christmas my true love sent to me
Five gold rings, set with diamonds and emeralds from Garrards
On the sixth day of Christmas my true love sent to me
Six geese a-laying golden eggs



On the seventh day of Christmas my true love sent to me
Seven swans a-swimming in a marble-lined, heart-shaped, heated pool;
On the eighth day of Christmas my true love sent to me
Eight maids a-milking thoroughbred Jersey cows;



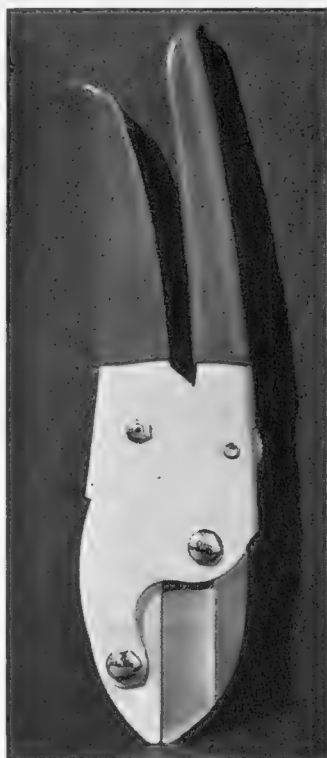
On the ninth day of Christmas my true love sent to me
Nine drummers drumming in a symphony orchestra playing Strauss;
On the tenth day of Christmas my true love sent to me
Ten pipers piping me aboard a super-luxury yacht;



On the eleventh day of Christmas my true love sent to me
Eleven ladies dancing in Ballets U.S.A.;
On the twelfth day of Christmas my true love sent to me
Twelve lords a-leaping to escort me to the White Elephant, to the
Royal Opera House and, later, to The Establishment.



STAND-BYS FOR THE TREE



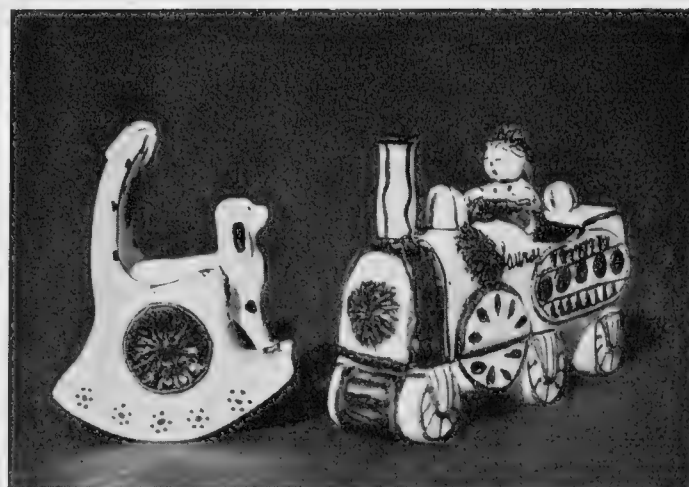
New secateurs by Green leaves have a screw adjustment for perfect cutting and a thumb operated safety lock. The Sheffield steel cutting blades deal efficiently with the toughest branches. 27s. 6d. at gardening shops and department stores



Four ideal Christmas tree gifts from Presents of Dover Street. A gilt lizard bookmarker, £1 15s.; gilded hand and tassel key ring, £1 12s. 6d.; silver gilt key ring with pear, apple and corn, 2 gns.; gilt coin head paper clip, 2 gns.



Bows for the hair can be made to order in any colour, in velvet, ottoman or embroidered ribbon, plain or bejewelled. 1 gn., each on a comb, from Gerard Austen at Carita, Sloane Street, S.W.1.



Blue and white pottery figures—a dog in a rocking chair (an alternative has a little girl instead of the dog), 18s. 9d.; and a prim Victorian Miss riding in a train called Laura, £2 5s. Another figure is of a little girl on a swing that actually swings. All from Primavera, Sloane Street

INTELLIGENCE REPORT

That efficient baby-sitting firm "Babyminders" have come up with an excellent idea for a last-minute present: a gift voucher from 25s., going up in £1 units. A £2 5s. voucher would be worth 10 hours' baby-sitting. The vouchers are valid after Christmas, with the exception of New Year's Eve. Babyminders' staff are most carefully chosen and interviewed, are highly reliable and often specially trained to look after children. Prices per hour are 4s., with fares extra, but there is no extra charge after midnight or at weekends, and Babyminders can sleep in overnight, price 30s. A minimum of three hours' notice is expected for making a booking, and an effort is made to provide parents with the same babysitters each time. Gift vouchers can either be filled in and sent by the giver, or Babyminders will cope for them. Address: Babyminders, 88 George Street, W.1. WEL 3515.

Another ideal last-minute Christmas present is the new Wine-by-Wire service that operates the same way as Interflora. Any wine merchant with a sign in the window showing two glasses raised in a toast is a member. And members are distributed throughout the country. The service costs 2s. 6d. over and above the cost of the wines or spirits ordered, and there is no limit to the amount you can order. Allow two days for delivery.

YES?

PLAYS

Anthony Cookman

Out Of My Mind. Lyric, Hammersmith. (Patricia Routledge, Robin Palmer, Gillian Lynne, Jill Ireland, John Wood).

Too much of madness

THE INERADICABLE INNOCENCE OF THEATRE CRITICS IS BEST ILLUSTRATED by their attitude to revue. Nothing shakes their conviction that they are dealing with a growing thing that gets better or worse with the years. It must either fade away or come suddenly to a marvellous flowering implicit in its development. All the evidence is against them, but the charming illusion persists. A moment's cool reflection would surely tell them that the wonderful shows of the past have come and gone without adding anything to the development of revue itself. Their individual quality has depended on who happened to be about at the time to put it there, a C. B. Cochran, an A. P. Herbert, a Herbert Farjeon or such drolls as the two Hermiones, Leslie Henson or Stanley Holloway. They are lodged affectionately in the memory, but since each was of the tone and temper of its decade none of them is revivable.

The modern equivalent to these vanished glories is *Beyond The Fringe* and of course it was enthusiastically praised for its wit, its unminness and for the quite unusual way in which it hits all the targets aimed at. But no less inevitably the majority of those who handed out the well deserved praise had to add that after this epoch-making event revue would never again be the same thing. And yet I cannot help noticing that none of the revues that has appeared since has shown much sign of having been influenced by *Beyond The Fringe*. The newest, **Out Of My Mind**, at the Lyric, Hammersmith, is certainly an imitation, and happens to show how ruinous it is for one revue to try to be like another.

This one is trying to be like *Cranks* and to play about with surrealism. It is not without a few fresh ideas of its own, and more effective use of these would have been made if the authors (there are a great many of them and they are all apparently under the control of Mr. Robin Ray who has directed the show) were not so determined to go mad all at once. A few touches of madness refresh a revue wonderfully, but too much of it means that a whole crackpot universe has to be created. This takes a lot of doing and what happens when revue writers attempt such a considerable imaginative feat is that they fall back unconsciously on what has always passed for the larger lunacy in stage terms. So it comes about that in their anxiety to steer clear of the conventional they quickly find themselves up to the neck in the conventional. Luckily, in this instance, the performers are a great deal more amusing than their material, and though we are often left an unconscionable measure of time to anticipate the arrival of some obvious joke, the actors often succeed in amusing us while we wait.

Miss Patricia Routledge is the most versatile member of a team of seven. She gives a touch of genuinely mad ecstasy to the aesthetic young lady who wears a rose-coloured dress and lives behind rose-coloured windows and is shocked to her mystical fundament when a carelessly heaved brickbat gives her a glimpse of what the world really looks like. She is also concerned in a completely conventional but not the less amusing quartet of medieval monks and nuns hymning their

devout thanks that, as a glance down the theatre list tells them, religion has become big box office again. I liked also Miss Gillian Lynne singing with sinister sentimental tenderness of her multi-coloured bush which has proliferated astonishingly, and since it has grown from a seed dropped from Mars will soon cover the earth.

But though the authors do their best to keep their humour off-beam and occasionally score a hit with the infectiousness, for example, of limps and hiccoughs, they are often driven to trying to raise a laugh by showing a shabby down-and-out startling the booking office clerk in a suburban station by demanding a first class ticket to Nice. These descants have a cumulative effect of disillusionment, and things are not really helped when Miss Routledge has to represent a sex frustrated lady in the park who imagines her husband an Othello, the meek chance acquaintance a Michael Cassio and herself a much to be pitied Desdemona. This is an episode which makes us feel that such culture as we possess is being traded on without scruple. But Mr. John Wood, Mr. Robin Palmer and Miss Jill Ireland make as much as they can of some poor material. Mr. Richard Pilbrow's lighting is inventive and the décor by Mr. Disley Jones is modish and pretty.

FILMS

Elspeth Grant

Blue Hawaii. Director Norman Taurog. (Elvis Presley, Joan Blackman, Angela Lansbury, Nancy Walters.)

Bachelor Flat. Director Frank Tashlin. (Terry-Thomas, Tuesday Weld, Richard Beymer, Celeste Holm.)

Snow White & The Three Clowns. Director Walter Lang. (Carol Heiss, The Three Stooges, Edson Stroll, Patricia Medina.)

Elvis in the travel business

ACCORDING TO **Blue Hawaii**, MR. ELVIS PRESLEY HAS GREAT POTENTIALITIES as a tourist attraction—and judging from the girlish sighs that greeted his *solto voce* rendering of the cloying "Hawaiian Wedding Song," this is probably true—but, though I must admit he has become an agreeably easy performer and is a well-set-up young man, a tourist attraction is the last thing I want. Nothing could be more off-putting. The sight of the reception committee of hip-swinging hula-hula gals at Honolulu airport persuades me that every traveller to those parts has been marked down as a sucker, while every resident is a member of a vast and shameless conspiracy bent upon wheedling the visitor into spending his last red cent on meretricious trash. You'd be better off in Brighton.

Mr. Presley, returning to Honolulu after spending two years in the army (we are never going to be allowed to forget that Mr. P. did his military service just like any other decent American boy), is disinclined to follow his father into the family pineapple business. To the annoyance of his snobbish mother, a foolish woman extravagantly played by Miss Angela Lansbury, he takes a job in a tourist agency where his half-French, half-Hawaiian girl-friend, Miss Joan Blackman, is employed. His idea is to learn the tricks of the trade, marry Miss Blackman and eventually open an agency of his own. The tricks of the trade are many—the neatest being to escape with one's honour from the visiting hordes of over-sexed schoolgirls, who seem to regard seduction as an essential part of any conducted tour. Mr. Presley valiantly repels all advances—but there are, of course, a few embarrassing bedroom scenes and the usual misunderstandings before he gets around to marrying Miss Blackman, in a swooningly romantic final scene. Mr. Presley's myriad fans will be delighted to hear that he sings about 17 songs—sometimes solo with a small guitar, and sometimes with the backing of some jolly native chaps and bongo drums. It is not exactly my dish of *poi*—but may well be yours.

When **Bachelor Flat** was presented in London as a play, the drama critics tore into it with quite extraordinary ferocity. It was a silly little comedy but quite harmless and one marvelled at the amount of energy expended in attacking it: if a bulldozer had been used to uproot a daisy, one would not have been more astonished. The thing was so thoroughly demolished that I had not bargained on its turning up as a film—but



Charlton Heston plays the medieval Spanish hero in the film *El Cid*. His co-star is Sophia Loren. Above: Riding out to his last battle against the Moors. Top: Reconnoitring the city of Valencia, whose inhabitants he plans to free from serfdom

here it defiantly is, expanded almost out of recognition, tricked out in Cinemascope, De Luxe Colour and what have you, and just as silly and harmless as when more modestly presented on the stage.

The "bachelor flat" has become an elaborate bungalow by a sunny U.S. strand (romps in the sand are signalled from 'way off) and Mr. Terry-Thomas, elegant with or—as rather more often seen—without trousers, now figures (as Mr. Derek Bond once did less flamboyantly) as the terribly English professor of archacology whose American female students are all mad about him. (Personally, I find Mr. T.-T. quite easily resistible—but that's just a matter of taste.) The professor is engaged to a famous fashion designer, delightful Miss Celeste Holm, who has neglected to tell him that she has a daughter of 17 by a previous marriage. When Miss Tuesday Weld turns up and makes herself at home in the bungalow (originally Miss Holm's), we know at once who she is—but Mr. Terry-Thomas doesn't: as she strings him a yarn about being a fugitive from a grim reformatory, he allows her to stay, on condition that she remains out of sight.

Naturally Mr. Richard Beymer, the nosy and sexy young man who lives in the caravan next door, ferrets Miss Weld out—and soon Mr. Thomas is heavily compromised in all directions and Miss Holm, unaware that the girl he is harbouring is her daughter, is taking a poor view and breaking off the engagement, and. . . . But I don't have to tell *you*—you've seen it far too often before. There is as much play with swinging and sliding doors as in any French farce, the amorous women

importune Mr. Terry-Thomas with such abandon that he is driven to drink—and the only character to retain a modicum of dignity and sanity is a small and adorable dachshund, name of Mitzy, who very cleverly steals and buries a dinosaur's thigh-bone, 10 times her own size. I was mad about Mitzy.

You will remember the doll-faced ninnies who used to star simperingly in Mr. Walt Disney's early cartoon fairy-tales—but I'll wager you never expected to see them come to life. Here's your chance—in **Snow White & The Three Clowns**. Miss Carol Heiss, as Snow White, and Mr. Edson Stroll, as Prince Charming, are the spitten images of early Disney characters—and display exactly the same amount of animation and acting ability. In a way, they're quite fascinating to watch: how *can* real people seem so unreal? The film is a sort of pantomime of the old familiar story—with interpolated songs, transformation scenes, dreamy (but too long) skating ballets, and lots of slapstick humour from the Three Stooges—an elderly, amiable, hard-working trio of somewhat old-fashioned clowns. Miss Patricia Medina, ravishingly beautiful in the "Mirror, mirror on the wall" sequences, quaffs a Jekyll-&-Hyde potion and is instantly transformed into the most hideous and witchy of witches. I have no doubt at all that the tots will find it all entrancing.

BOOKS *Siriol Hugh-Jones*

The Symbolic Pig, by F. C. Sillar & R. M. Meyler. (Oliver & Boyd, £3 3s.)
Fokine, the Memoirs Of A Ballet Master, tr. Vitale Fokine, ed. Anatole Chujoy. (Constable, £2 2s.)

Breakfast & Elevenses, by John Bratby. (Hutchinson, £1 5s.)

Silence Observed, by Michael Innes. (Gollancz, 13s. 6d.)

Nightwatch, by Nicolette Devas. (Chatto & Windus, 16s.)

The Day Of The Tortoise, by H. E. Bates. (Michael Joseph, 7s. 6d.)

A Handful Of Time, by Helen Foley. (Hodder & Stoughton, 16s.)

There's something about a porker

FOR ANYONE WHO REALLY CARES ABOUT PIGS—I REFUSE TO ADMIT there may be some soulless ones who don't—the prettiest, most absorbing book for months is an anthology of the pig in literature, art, folk-history, nursery rhyme, proverb and local custom. The book, called rather majestically as befits its noble subject, **The Symbolic Pig**, is by F. C. Sillar & R. M. Meyler and the sources include Spenser, Pope, Hardy, Shelley, Boswell and, of course, George Orwell. Through the book you may examine the humorous, intelligent, crafty and insanely friendly features of the pig under many different and fascinating circumstances, since he has always been one for getting around. There is a stained-glass pig, adorably smiley, bobbish and curly tailed, with a bell round his neck and his own St. Anthony by his side in Shropshire; a Pre-Raphaelite pig helping St. Frideswide to escape from Prince Algar of Mercia; neat rows of crowded little suckling pigs busy at their dinners on misericords, corbels, bench-ends, roof-bosses in churches—pigs playing whistles on inn signs, pigs fiddling, playing the bagpipes, even one or two church-pigs of holiest inclination harping sweetly.

There are pigs grubbing for acorns through books of hours, munching away in bestiaries and psalters, painted jubilantly, gloatingly even, by Morland, Gainsborough, Rubens, Rembrandt, Cranach, Dürer. The book is an enchanting idea, and should do much to spread the word; devout pig-fanciers need no encouragement, but even they may find a good deal here that is new and intriguing, and how pleased one is to find anthologists who appreciate the haunting charm of Pigling Bland, the least forgettable pig in fiction.

Fokine, the Memoirs of a Ballet Master, is beautifully produced in peacock blue and brilliant canary-yellow, a great band of peacocks' eyes along the jacket and end papers. The contents, unhappily, are not so cheering, being full of a nagging, wry-faced crossness that seems to be about everything and everybody and primarily about ballet politics. I feel if I stub my toe once more upon one of those feuds that so marred the production of *Daphnis and Chloë* or was it *L'après Midi d'un Faune*,

it will quite put me off the whole business of booking a ticket to watch a gentleman gravely whizzing a lady round on one toe by stirring her from the top with one finger. Some of the narrative is not without its funny moments, enhanced by the exotic turn of phrase into which the translation often falls regardless. One of my favourite passages concerns the production of *Egyptian Nights* with Pavlova as Ta-Hor, the leading female rôle. ("She is very pathetic in her love for the young hunter and conveys dramatic anguish when he is unfaithful to her and gives his love and life to Cleopatra.") The rôle of Cleopatra, which "contained much passion and a variety of amorous interpretations and expressions" was given to a young woman who in the event had toothache that swelled her cheek—the one away from the audience, the production being luckily in bas-relief. "Knowing Pavlova's fondness for animals," Fokine jazzed the whole thing along with a real live snake with which he danced confidently but left hastily afterwards to wash his hands. Ah, those were the glamorous days all right.

Briefly . . . **Breakfast & Elevenses**, by John Bratby, is about the early years of an English schoolboy and no one could call it easy going. Mr. Bratby provides the pictures which Alice thought so necessary, but will have nothing to do with the conversations, there being not one line of dialogue in the book. Pages so blackly intimidating do not exactly lure one onwards. . . . **Silence Observed**, by Michael Innes, is a charming brisk tee about that always-magic subject of art forgery, in particular a Rembrandt forgery; as, oddly, is also a pleasant novel called **Night-watch**, by Nicolette Devas, where the Rembrandts are real—the studies, supposed, for "The Nightwatch," and the fakes, are, endearingly, forgeries of those pictures belonging to the great School of Cardinals. . . . H. E. Bates's **The Day of the Tortoise** is a long-short story, my favourite form in the world, with all the familiar Bates ingredients—slightly odd middle-aged lonely man, three dotty sisters, great lollipop farm-fresh (and this time pregnant, too) girl, and some pretty drawings by Peter Farmer. Sometimes I have a sneaking longing for Mr. Bates to try something cold, intellectual, something you simply couldn't sink your teeth into and feel the juice dripping down your chin, just for the hell of it. . . . **A Handful of Time**, by Helen Foley, a Book Society choice, is a rambling, wordy, extraordinarily old-fashioned story about two young women, one of them Austrian, up at Cambridge during the last war, and their love-affairs and friendships. It is full of sensibility and a feeling of great leisure, and goaded me into a hostile attitude of wanting everyone to stop just sitting there and do something. On the pretty ticket the title and author's name fade totally into the Cambridge landscape and might well be more falling willow leaves; I expect that was just what was meant.

GALLERIES

Robert Wraith

Serge Rezvani. Hanover Gallery
Francis Littna. Biggins Gallery

New kind of Persian art

DURING THE PAST HALF-CENTURY ARTISTS HAVE REPEATEDLY confronted the public with freak creations that have made all but the most determinedly progressive exclaim, "Now we have seen everything!" It began that day in 1911 when Braque introduced a few printed words into his painting *The Portuguese*, and it has never stopped. Nor is there any sign that it ever will. In recent years we have seen not only paper, sacking and sand, but also scrap iron, wood shavings, sawdust, wire netting, doormats, bedsteads, broken chairs, piano keys, lavatory seats, cans, rusty locks, half-burnt books, chippings from tombstone makers' yards, cigarette ends, old bones and old rope, dustbin lids and, indeed, the entire range of dustbin contents, stuck on to canvas or built into "constructions" and exhibited as works of art. More often than not these contrivances are nonsensical. But sometimes they are amusing and sometimes we are bound to admire their ingenuity. Only rarely, however, do such things provoke any deeper responses.

Persian-born Serge Rezvani's charred wood reliefs belong to this rare

category. Every one of us has at some time, I suppose, looked with mild wonder at a piece of charred wood and been briefly fascinated by the metamorphosis that has taken place. I know nothing about Rezvani's method of working but at some time he must have seen a burned out building in which the doors, though still hanging, had apparently been changed into motheaten velvet. And in a moment of inspiration he must have perceived that the "velvet" quality could be heightened and that the "motheaten" shapes could be partially predetermined. Several of his reliefs are as big as doors. All have titles suggested to the artist by the mysteriously formed image that emerges from them. To what extent these images are accidental and how the overall evenness of the charring is obtained are the artist's secrets.

All the works done in this technique are dated 1961. But there are a few paintings done in earlier years that suggest that before actually using charred wood the artist had worked towards imitating it, in somewhat the same way that Braque and Picasso gave up *trompe l'oeil* methods of imitating certain things and used the things themselves. They are in dark tones of grey and green, the paint, a quarter of an inch thick, has a hard, petrified quality about it and is fractured as if by contraction in the same way as the charred wood is. And, as if by accident, there emerges from the pattern made by the fractures a vague figure of a nude woman. There are also a number of drawings in oil on paper that look like prints made from charred wood blocks.

The overall effect of these things is to give the Hanover Gallery the air of an *avant garde* funeral parlour. They are far removed from those earlier works that prompted Michel Seuphor to write of Rezvani in his *Dictionary of Abstract Painting*, "Lives in Paris. Highly coloured work, completely Oriental in its warmth. . . ." But they compel serious consideration, if not as complete works of art, then as aesthetic facts.

It would be hard to say so much for the paintings of Dr. Francis Littna, whose exhibition is subtitled "Space and Movement." Movement there may be, but only in the sense that they are "busy" paintings—so "busy" that there is hardly a fraction of an inch of "space" in any of them. One suspects the presence of a scientist's rather than a poet's mind, a suspicion confirmed by a curious potted biography of the 58-year-old doctor which lists among the "main aspects of his work":

(i) Syntactic enquiries into non-verbal (non-supplementary) communication including group aspects and analysis on communicational levels, and

(ii) Esthetic evaluation of results and enquiries into esthetic significance of configurations in geometries other than the Euclidean, and

(iii) Practical artistic work on the strength and bases of (i) and (ii).
Whew!

RECORDS

Spike Hughes

Symphony No. 83 in G minor ("La Poule") by Haydn
Symphony No. 100 in G major ("Military") by Haydn
Don Carlos by Verdi

Haydn in the farmyard

IF, LIKE HAYDN, YOU WRITE 104 SYMPHONIES IT IS HARDLY SURPRISING if one or two of them get overlooked now and then by those who build our concert and radio programmes. Even the gramophone companies, who are usually way ahead of the everyday repertory, have managed to record only 27 of them—or one over the quarter. I wouldn't say that Haydn was a neglected composer; just that people are a bit slow in letting us hear more of him. It seems odd, nevertheless, that we should have had to wait until now for a recording of his **Symphony No. 83 in G Minor**, known as "*La Poule*," which is a particularly enchanting piece. This appears at last, backed by what is now the seventh available recording of the "**Military**" **Symphony** (No. 100 in G), played by the Vienna Philharmonic under Karl Münchinger (Decca mono: LXT5647—stereo: SXL2284). The nickname of Haydn's 83rd symphony is to be understood in its strictly farmyard sense; it derives from a cheerful clucking kind of tune in the first movement and has

nothing to do with *la poule* as the phrase is used in the half-world of Paris, even though in this case the symphony was one of six specially written for the French capital.

Enlightened parents have found over the years that Haydn's music makes much more sense to young children than any of those nauseating Disneyland noises the B.B.C. thinks they should like while gaping with mother. This particular symphony, "*La Poule*," is characteristically charming and attractive, though oddly enough the chicken noises, which should have an immediate appeal to a child, are little more than an episode in a movement that is uncommonly dramatic and tense for Haydn. Perhaps it was something to do with the key of G minor, which affected Mozart that way, too. The "Military" Symphony, with its triangles, cymbals and big bass drums, is extrovert throughout, however, and as good a piece of music for starting a child off on as any ever written. And with any luck, after listening to the instinctive elegance and warmth of the Vienna Philharmonic's playing in this recording, he will never want to hear the B.B.C.'s coy little musical boxes again. (These two Haydn symphonies on one record make an admirable dual-purpose Christmas present. Give it to the children and enjoy it yourself. It is more blessed to give, etc. . . .)

Verdi's *Don Carlos*, in Visconti's famous 1958 production, returns to Covent Garden next month and I can think of no better way of passing the interval beforehand for anybody seeing it then for the first time than listening to Cetra's recording (OLPC1234—four records). The set costs 90s. as against 164s. for the only other available recording, and with a cast that includes Nicola Rossi-Lemeni, Maria Caniglia, Ebe Stignani, Graziella Sciutti, Mirto Picchi and Paolo Silveri, it is a wonderful buy. Some of the highlights of this fine 10-year-old performance were issued in this country last year on a single record—a rather eccentric procedure, because it is more usual to do that sort of thing *after* you've issued the whole opera. But perhaps the excerpts were intended as a trailer to the complete set.

The term "complete" in this case is relative. Verdi wrote *Don Carlos* as a five-act opera with ballet for Paris in 1867; then in 1884 he made a four-act version of it, without ballet, for La Scala, adding some new bits and cutting out the original Act I. Then came the so-called Third Edition, which restored Act I to the Scala version, and it is this one they do at Covent Garden. The two recordings, on the other hand, stick to the plain 1884 edition, which is how they usually do it in Italy. It is all very muddling and rather a pity, because there is so much lovely music in that first act, known as the Fontainebleau scene, which we haven't yet had on records. But it is still a mighty impressive opera, and this Cetra recording of a broadcast has undeniable atmosphere and a kind of vigorous authoritativeness which is most refreshing. It is nice, too, to hear more of Caniglia and Stignani, still in cracking form even though they had both been singing for all of a quarter of a century when this *Don Carlos* was made.



Imelda Blake

JAZZ NOTE: Tenor saxophonist Zoot Sims is the first American jazz musician to play in a London club since the war. His sessions at Ronnie Scott's in Gerrard Street were taped and will be released early next month on a long-playing disc by Fontana label. Sims is now appearing at the Blue Note Club in Paris and making a film

CHRISTMAS SHOWS

Pantomimes:

LITTLE OLD KING COLE. Charlie Drake, Janette Scott, Jackie Rae, Gary Miller. (London Palladium, GER 7373.)

Children's:

TREASURE ISLAND. John Woodvine, Sean Scully, Spike Milligan. (Mermaid Theatre, CIT 7656.) For 5½ weeks.

PETER PAN. Anne Heywood, John Gregson, Daphne Jonason, Jane Asher. (Scala Theatre, MUS 5731.) To 20 January.

BILLY BUNTER'S SHIPWRECK. Peter Bridgmont, Robert Lankesheer. (Victoria Palace, VIC 1317.) Matinées only. 23 December-13 January.

TOAD OF TOAD HALL. Jeremy Geidt, Richard Goolden, David Evan. (Saville, TEM 4011.) Two matinées daily. Limited season.

ALICE THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS. Moira Fraser, Molly Bowers, Lucinda Curtis. (Lyric, Hammersmith, RIV 4432.) Matinées & evenings. From 21 December.

THE CIRCUS ADVENTURE. Caryl Jenner's English Theatre for Children. (Arts Theatre, TEM 3334.) Matinées only. 3 week season from 21 December.

Circus:

BERTRAM MILLS CIRCUS, Olympia. (FUL 3333.) To 3 February.

Ice Show:

THE WIZARD OF OZ ON ICE. Empire Pool, Wembley. (WEM 1234.) Opens 23 December for 10 weeks.

Ballet & light opera:

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY, seven performances to 20 January
Cinderella, seven performances to 25 January. (Royal Ballet, Coven Garden, COV 1066.)

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, five performances to 24 January
Die Zauberflöte, seven performances to 24 January. (Covent Garden Opera, COV 1066.)

THE NUTCRACKER. London's Festival Ballet (Royal Festival Hall WAT 3191). 26 December-13 January.

GILBERT & SULLIVAN. (Savoy Theatre, TEM 8888.) To 24 March
CINDERELLA (Rossini), five performances to 16 January. **Die Fledermaus**, six performances to 18 January. **The Marriage of Figaro** five performances to 18 January. (Sadler's Wells Opera, TER 1672/3.)

The Crazy Gang:

YOUNG IN HEART. (Victoria Palace, VIC 1317.)

Shakespeare:

MACBETH, and **TWELFTH NIGHT.** (The Old Vic, WAT 7616.)

Musicals & revues:

MY FAIR LADY. Charles Stapley, Anne Rogers. (Drury Lane, TEM 8108.)

ONE OVER THE EIGHT. Kenneth Williams & Sheila Hancock. (Duke of York's, TEM 5122.)

THE MUSICMAN. Van Johnson, Patricia Lambert. (Adelphi, TEM 7611.)

OLIVER! John Bluthal, Georgia Brown. (New, TEM 3878.)

THE SOUND OF MUSIC. Roger Dann, Jean Bayless, Constance Shacklock, Eunice Gayson. (Palace, GER 6834.)

BYE BYE BIRDIE. Chita Rivera, Marty Wilde, Angela Baddeley. (Her Majesty's, WHI 6606.)

BEYOND THE FRINGE. Jonathan Miller, Peter Cook, Alan Bennett, Dudley Moore. (Fortune, TEM 2238.)

SALAD DAYS (Prince's, TEM 6596.) Opens Boxing Day.

FOUR TO THE BAR. An after-dinner entertainment. (Arts Theatre, TEM 3334.)

Puppets:

BRIAR ROSE (The Sleeping Beauty), by John Wright's Marionettes. (Little Angel Theatre, Dagmar Passage, Cross St., Islington, CAN 1787, 2-5 p.m. only.) Opens Boxing Day to 20 January.

LATE EXTRA

ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON
REPORTS

Good Looks campaign for better late night glamour . . . under chandeliers, beneath night club lighting, by candlelight, Good Looks ought to dazzle or soften accordingly. Chandeliers glitter best on light, bright make-ups and among the best to put a glowing touch to the skin is Germaine Monteil's Superglow—their Ivoire hue gives an ice-maiden look. Many social whirlers are falling for the lure of an unmade-up look of a foundation-powder that doesn't need constant attention from a party-sized powder puff. Brash lighting needs a non-blue mixture in lipsticks like Elizabeth Arden's newest, Golden Apricot, which has a slightly molten look in the nail varnish. Newest and wittiest scent for wearing under bright lights is Schiaparelli's S, which is celebrating its first party season. Madame Rochas likes to be up after 12, too, and its urbane scent is suited to dazzling lights. Candlelight is a gift with its soft glimmer on hair, eyes, skin, but a lighter touch is needed here—a soft, creamy rose skin plus a rosy line in lipsticks. New to spray on afterwards—Jean Patou's candlelighty *Amour Amour parfum de toilette*. New Year's Eve is the brightest night of the party year—three of London's hairdressers who are planning to help with late Saturday openings are Rose Evansky (Mayfair 5295) and Carita (Belgravia 7791)—both are taking last appointments at five—and André Bernard (Hyde Park 4812) who book their last client in at 1.30 p.m. Invest in a stronger-than-normal set on the Saturday and try not to brush out until New Year's evening, when it ought to have fallen out sufficiently to have the right ingredient of careless ease. If a hair appointment is impossible, try the addition of a gold kid bandeau that helps by lifting the hair in the front. Or a gold bow on a comb from Woollands 21 Shop is pretty, perched well forward.

Try a warmish, scented sponge-down instead of a hot bath. All a steam heat bath does is lower the efficiency of deodorants, reduce a shiny, shapely head of hair to a steamy mess and make make-up impossible for at least half an hour.

Late night extras (left) high life hair by Aldo at Carita; first night white fox muffler by the National Fur Company: £105





In and out of Idlewild

Photographs by David Sim

IN AND OUT OF NEW YORK'S Idlewild Airport fly the jets at a rate—according to the recent bewildered impression of one travel writer—of something like three a minute. Arrival at Idlewild by night is like touching down in a vast steel fairground (see left) with a myriad flashing lights and endless hustle. Glamorous, brilliantly lit sections house the reception and departure blocks of globe-circling companies like the Scandinavian Airlines System, first to pioneer the Arctic route from Europe to America. Their jetliners are Douglas DC8s and Caravelles and you can take a 17-day London-New York excursion for \$125. The destination—Idlewild—both stimulates and overawes. You check through Customs in an enormous glass aquarium where friends and greeting relations can stare through while you push luggage around in a handcart as it comes off the plane. Getting out of Idlewild New York-bound is easily done. Receptionists, blonde, with tidy figures and tidy hair, shepherd you through a dozen turnstiles to a bus that whisks through the suburb of Queens to Manhattan. The fare is five dollars and the journey takes 90 minutes but few use taxis because they cost too much. You join the flashing stream of traffic along the East River Drive (see right) to the Air Terminal, midtown on the East Side. More lights, more people, thousands of them on what seems a countless number of moving staircases. But that's the end of the transatlantic line—anywhere in central New York takes only 15 minutes from the terminal.



DINING IN

Helen Burke

MANY OF US USED TO REGARD CHRISTMAS AS THE BIGGEST COOKING day of the year. Now, however, we are told to wrap our turkey in aluminium foil or a double thickness of greaseproof paper and forget all about it. I know of people who put the bird in the oven and leave it unattended until cooking time is up. Chefs do not subscribe to this kind of cooking, nor do I. So I have made the following notes for the "L" cook, not the experienced one, who has made all her mistakes a long time ago and profited from them. When you completely encase a turkey in foil or paper, you do not so much bake it as steam it. Even if you remove the wrapping towards the end of cooking, in order to brown the bird, it is not quite the same thing. The one advantage is that the foil or paper prevents the sparking of fat and the oven, therefore, remains clean. But if you wrap the bird, be sure to leave two or three vents in the covering to allow for the escape of steam. I like a V-shaped poultry rack in the baking tin so that the bird does not rest in the fat during the cooking. Place the turkey breast downwards on the rack and the juices will run into it instead of into the almost meatless back where they will be of no use.

Now for the fat. Let it be butter or a mixture of butter and bacon dripping. Soften about half a pound so that it can be spread thickly all over the turkey. Sprinkle a little salt on the fat. Instead of wrapping the bird, place a sheet of foil over it and tuck it down inside the tin to prevent fat dripping into the oven. Be sure to have a steam vent in the centre of the foil. What kind of stuffings shall we use? For the breast, I do not think we can improve on chopped boiled chestnuts and high quality sausage meat, well moistened with giblet stock so as to add moisture rather than take it from the turkey. For the body, I am always trying out new-to-me stuffings, and as recently as last

Notes for "L" cooks

September I gave a new one in these notes. But I shall now go back to my own concoction which is simply this:

In a largish frying-pan, cook together 3 to 4 chopped rashers of smoked streaky bacon and a chopped smallish onion in 3 oz. butter, so slowly that the onion is only very slightly coloured. Add the chopped turkey liver and cook for a few minutes longer. Add as many fine breadcrumbs as you will need (for a 14-lb. turkey, those from a small loaf will be about right). Stir them around so that they, too, will be slightly coloured and will add a delicious flavour. But keep an eye on them as they so easily burn. Next, add a couple of pinches of powdered thyme, a powdered small piece of bay leaf, the grated rind of a lemon, a good pinch or two of grated nutmeg and, if you like it, a tablespoon of finely chopped parsley. Add as much strained well-seasoned giblet stock as the mixture will take, and leave to become cold. To this stuffing, I shall add a small can of pâté de foie or up to 6 oz. of liver sausage cut into small pieces. Fill the body with this stuffing, place it breast downwards on the rack and well butter it all over. Bake it for 20 minutes at 425 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 7, then cover it loosely with aluminium foil and reduce the temperature to 300 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 2 and give it 4½ hours in all. Baste it every half-hour.

Enterprising cooks like to add their own touches to the body stuffing. On occasions, turkey being an all-the-year-round bird, I have added a chopped small Bramley Seedling and 6 chopped stoned prunes, and very good they were. As the apple adds moisture, the amount of giblet stock can be slightly reduced. In this country, the usual "trimmings" with turkey are sausages and bacon rolls, cooked with the bird. I think that it is very much better to wrap small sausages in very thin rashers of streaky bacon and gently grill them.

MAN'S WORLD

David Morton

WHAT SORT OF PYJAMAS AND DRESSING-GOWN ONE FAVOURS DEPENDS ON where the fire breaks out and what sort of terms you are on with the postman. One pair of pyjamas that I wore caused gales of happy laughter in an army barrack-block; I was the only recruit to wear them, and it was so cold that one man shunned the shirt which was being worn that year and slept in his greatcoat. Since then I have fared better. In Hongkong I had three pairs of silk pyjamas made in almost as many hours, and a somewhat chinoiserie monogram applied at no extra charge. A dressing-gown was made by the same tailor, in Thai silk, and the whole bill came to about £10. I can't think of any shop in London that could compete with this, but there are splendid dressing-gowns and pyjamas to be found. Gowns, for instance, can cost from 70s. to £70. A cashmere dressing-gown, supremely light and warm, costs £70 made to measure by Washington Tremlett in Conduit Street, though a different quality cashmere might cost £41. Silk gowns—well, the price might vary from 36 guineas for a reversible one by Brioni, at Woollands, to an extremely practical light silk gown in Paisley patterns that packs into a matching case for travelling—£7 19s. 6d. at Simpson in Piccadilly. Harrods have a long gown in silk Foulard, white polka dot on wine or navy, for 11 gns.; still in silk, this time shantung silk, there is a handsome short gown by Magnani, 22 gns. at Woollands. If you have a yen for something very elaborate, Fisher's in Burlington Arcade have dashing silk brocade gowns and will also make them up to the customer's requirements.

Wool dressing-gowns are very comforting on a cold winter morning; Austin Reed have two classics, one in mohair and wool, checked patterns, for £7 10s., and another in striped wool with silk facings for £8 10s. Jaeger in Regent Street have particularly warm gowns—I liked especially the red one with black facings. Cotton dressing-gowns are practical for their washability—Simpson have a nice cotton chenille dressing-gown in plain colours or stripes for £10 15s., and some Italian gowns, striped,

The lounging look

£7 15s., with matching pyjamas for £7 5s. Simpson also team gown and pyjamas; hopsack dressing-gown, £7 15s. and poplin pyjamas, £4 19s. 6d. Harbors, in New Bond Street, have splendid dressing-gowns and pyjamas to match; pyjamas in fine cotton are tailored for £6 15s.

One of the problems about pyjamas is the draw-string; I seem to spend ages trying to re-thread it after I have pulled it out. No such problem with some Swiss pyjamas at Philip Landau, in Bond Street, just by the Westbury—in a non-iron material with a 1 in. white facing, the draw-string is replaced by a button and an elasticized waistband. Silk pyjamas, made to measure, cost from 11 to 18 guineas at Washington Tremlett, in a variety of patterns. Made to measure at John Michael in Chelsea, silk pyjamas are 5½ guineas. Austin Reed have some warm Clydella pyjamas for 59s. 6d., and in cotton poplin they can offer pyjamas with plain trousers and striped jackets, or striped trousers and plain jackets—75s., and the mix-up is deliberate and not a dreadful mistake at the factory. Harrods have sea-island cotton pyjamas in blue, rose, grey or champagne, with contrasting piping, 94s. 6d., and still in cotton, this time poplin, Hornes offer very dramatic black and gold striped ones for 3 guineas.

Slippers—there's a wide choice in the leading London shops about now, as they seem a favourite Christmas suggestion. I like the seal fur slippers, 55s. 11d., at Russell & Bromley. And frequent travellers will like the slippers in soft leather which zip together round the sole for packing; 2 guineas, at Pinet in Bond Street. One of the most practical pieces of clothing I possess is a white towelling bath-robe; John Michael, always the shop to have something new, are planning to make up something even better—modelled on a Japanese wrestling robe, with matching trousers, it will be light enough to sleep in, and still be decent enough to answer the door in. These should be on sale when this appears, for 8 gns. Judo experts can probably get black belts to order from the same shop in the King's Road.

MOTORING

Gordon Wilkins

The station wagon boom

Peter Fulwood

Gordon Wilkins with Philip Wayre and his golden eagle, Bokhara

IF YOU SHOULD HAPPEN TO COME UP BEHIND A VAUXHALL STATION wagon one day and see a fan-shaped array of light brown tail feathers opening and shutting in time with the acceleration and braking, you will have probably encountered the only golden eagle that regularly goes motoring. I wrote some time ago about an owl that is a regular visitor to the paddock at Silverstone, travelling in a caravan, but the eagle is by far the most impressive feathered passenger I have encountered so far. It belongs to Mr. Philip Wayre, the East Anglian naturalist, and I saw it when he drove it down to Bristol for a TV appearance. Now three years old, it is a handsome, fully grown, $7\frac{1}{2}$ lb. specimen which Mr. Wayre has trained to falconry. It stars in some of his nature films. Mr. Wayre's *Wind in the Reeds*, which took three years to make, has been compared with Disney's work and had its première at the Royal Festival Hall. The eagle rides on a perch in the back of the station wagon and has learned to balance itself perfectly against the movements of the car. Its arrival in this casual fashion was rather a blow for one of the T.W.W. executives who had just spent two weeks motoring round the Scottish Highlands in wind and rain, hoping to catch just a glimpse of a golden eagle, and got back to find this one flashing its four-foot wings round the studio.

Another person who finds unusual cargoes for station wagons is Sir Oliver Leese, former Eighth Army commander, who in 10 years has made himself one of the world's authorities on cacti and succulents. He leaves in January for a tour of several thousand miles by road through Mexico in search of new varieties for the collection he has built up at his place at Bridgnorth, where he grows about 100,000 plants a year. As there are about 9,000 known varieties, there is plenty of scope. Sir Oliver's interest in cacti began in the desert during the war, but he told me: "Fortunately we were usually pursuing Rommel at that period, so I didn't have much time for serious study." Also in January, three station wagons will be leaving Belgrade for a two-year expedition to Africa. They will be rather unusual vehicles, because they are being built specially in Yugoslavia, with engines supplied by Fiat. This is an expedition by a really international party led by a Hungarian-born Yugoslav explorer, Tibor Sekelj. They will travel through Syria to Egypt, the Sudan and Ethiopia, and then down through East Africa, making a detour across to Madagascar before going down to Bechuanaland, and then north via Rhodesia to the Congo and on into West Africa. In the

present state of Africa, it looks like being an eventful two years.

In all parts of the world the station wagon is rapidly gaining in popularity. Over here, Ford have just ceased producing convertibles because of falling demand, but they have recently added to their range of station wagons. Vauxhall's Victor station wagon is having a big success and when Volkswagen designed their new 1500 they gave it an extremely flat engine that could be stowed below the floor of a station wagon. Indeed, some people believe that the station wagon will develop into the real family car of the future. The Austin A40 has shown how one basic vehicle can be made to serve as saloon and estate car by using different rear panels, and Renault's new R4, with four side doors and a lift-up door at the rear, is more station wagon than saloon.

In America, too, the station wagon is gaining in popularity, but some critics are complaining that it is becoming too costly, too luxurious and too vulnerable, designed to figure more as a status symbol at the country club than as a practical vehicle for the transport of people and their effects. Even the low-priced Ford Falcon has recently appeared in a station wagon version burdened with glass fibre mouldings along the sides, designed to imitate wood. The timber tradition also afflicts the B.M.C. Mini wagons, though the wood framing does not hold up anything except the price. On the demand of practical-minded buyers on the Continent, these excellent little station wagons are now being produced for export without the wooden decoration, but I am told that it costs extra to a British buyer to have it left off. Wagons used to be classed as vehicles "adapted for the carriage of goods" and if used to carry what the law calls goods, as distinct from personal effects, were subject to a 30 m.p.h. speed limit on all ordinary roads. This dilemma was resolved in a simple if cynical way. A station wagon is now called a dual purpose vehicle and the wording of the definition ensures that if you want to be free of open road speed limits you must pay purchase tax. Exceptions are motor caravans and certain four-wheel drive vehicles. Many people are using Mini-vans as cheap family transport but in return for escaping purchase tax they are officially restricted to 30 m.p.h. on all roads except motor ways, while larger and heavier vehicles, often with inferior stopping power, go whizzing by. We urgently need a more realistic set of speed limit rules, before the authorities start inflicting wholesale licence suspensions for technical offences which may have no bearing at all on road safety.

Weddings

Yeomans—Wesson: Caroline Mary, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. S. N. Yeomans, of Branstone Hall, Burton-on-Trent, Staffordshire, was married to Joseph Michael Cope, son of the late Mr. J. S. Wesson and Mrs. Wesson, of Tettenhall, Staffs., at St. James's, Piccadilly



Brodrick Haldane



Spurway—Campbell Fraser: Kalitza Mary, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Marcus Spurway, of Newpark House, Midcalder, Midlothian, was married to Patrick, son of Mr. & Mrs. Alexander Campbell Fraser, of Borthwickshiels, Hawick, Roxburghshire, at the church of St. John the Evangelist, Edinburgh

Brazier-Creagh—White: Elizabeth Susan, daughter of Major-General & Mrs. K. R. Brazier-Creagh, of Kensington Gate, London, W.8, was married to Captain Michael Dermot White, son of the late Lieut.-Col. M. White and of Mrs. White, of Sleaven, Macroom, Co. Cork, at St. Mary's, Cadogan St.



Pearl Freeman

Pamela Strickland-Skailes to Frederick Jowitt: *She* is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. F. Strickland-Skailes, of Lea Hall, Hatfield Heath, Bishop's Stortford. *He* is the son of the late Mr. W. T. B. Jowitt and Mrs. J. M. Barrett, of Kingston House, Prince's Gate, S.W.7



Yevonde

Christina Mary Brockman to Michael William Rapinet: *She* is the daughter of Captain & Mrs. W. E. Brockman, of Huntingdon House, Cromwell Road, S.W.5. *He* is the son of the late Mr. Charles H. Rapinet and Mrs. Rapinet, of Montrell Road, S.W.2

Engagements



Yevonde

Ann Virginia Gough to Richard Chilton: *She* is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. T. A. Gough, of Bramham Gardens, S.W.5. *He* is the son of the late Lt.-Gen. Sir Maurice Chilton & of Lady Chilton, of Slindon, Sussex

FORTHCOMING MARRIAGES

Mr. R. J. Carrington and Miss F. Carryer

The engagement is announced between Robert Jerome, son of the late Mr. R. L. Carrington and Mrs. Carrington, of Newport Beach, California, and Felicity, daughter of Major and Mrs. H. Straker Carryer, of Portadown, Co. Armagh.

Mr. M. B. Small and Miss J. J. Nicol

The engagement is announced between Michael Bridgland, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Donald Small, Park Farm, Oakley, near Basingstoke, Hampshire, and Janith Jess, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James A. Nicol, The Willows, Castlehead, Paisley, Renfrewshire, and Gallantries, Headley, near Newbury, Berkshire.

Mr. A. J. R. Raynes and Miss J. M. Trustam

The engagement is announced between Anthony John Robert, son of Cdr. J. S. Raynes, R.N., and the late Mrs. Raynes, of 43c, Alma Road, Windsor, Berkshire, and Jennifer Mary, younger daughter of Sir Charles and Lady Trustam, of Broad Eaves, Mizen Way, Cobham, Surrey.

Mr. M. S. Pougatch and Miss S. P. Clifton

The engagement is announced between Michael Seymour, son of Col. and Mrs. M. Pougatch, of 5 Hyde Park Street, London, W.2, and Sonia Pauline, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Clifton, Little Buckhurst, Hever, Kent.

Dr. R. T. J. Allen and Miss B. M. Holl

The engagement is announced between Robert Thomas James, only son of Mr. and Mrs. R. T. J. Allen, The Central Hospital, Hatton, Warwickshire, and Barbara Mary, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. T. Holl, Clarendon Court, West Cliff, Bournemouth.

Dr. J. E. W. White and Miss G. Kendall

The engagement is announced between John, son of Mr. and Mrs. G. E. White, of 11 Temple Sheen, East Sheen, S.W.14, and Grace, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leo Kendall, of Bodrugan Barton, Mevagissey, Cornwall.

Mr. J. E. Fleming and Miss M. J. Tattersall

The engagement is announced between Jonathan Eric Fleming, son of Mrs. Eric Fleming, of Oxford Court, London, W.3, and Margaret Joan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Tattersall, of 43 Broad Road, Sale, Cheshire.

The Rev. D. J. M. Niblett and Miss E. W. Unmack

The engagement is announced between David John Morton Niblett, of The Vicarage, Syston, Leicestershire, son of the Rev. B. M. and Mrs. Niblett, of The Green, Hallow, Worcestershire, and Elisabeth West, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Unmack, of The Headmaster's House, King's College, Taunton, Somerset.

The Rev. P. B. Morgan and Miss D. A. Keating

The engagement is announced between Philip Brendan, son of his Honour Judge Trevor Morgan, Q.C., and Mrs. Morgan, Greenway, Caswell Road, Mumbles, Swansea, and Deborah Ann, younger daughter of the Rev. W. E. and Mrs. Keating, Wickham Rectory, Newbury.

Mr. R. A. Haslegrave and Miss E. P. V. Sherlow

The engagement is announced between Roger Anthony, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Haslegrave, Chorley Drive, Fulwood, Sheffield, and Elizabeth Penelope (Penny), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Sherlow, Wiggonholt Farm, Pulborough, Sussex.

Mr. P. J. Lamprell and Miss A. C. Massingham

The engagement is announced between Peter John, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Lamprell, of Knighton Lane, Buckhurst Hill, Essex, and Ann Claire, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Massingham, of Seaway, Castleross Road, Pevensey Bay, Sussex.

Mr. W. J. Rea Price and Miss M. W. Miller

The engagement is announced between William John, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Rea Price, of 57 Stackfield, Harlow, Essex, and Maryrose Wingate, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Miller, of 3 Sandilands, Troon, Ayrshire.

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COLLECTOR'S COMMENTARY

Albert Adair

The true meaning

AT THIS LATE TIME OF YEAR I ENJOY WANDERING ROUND MUSEUMS and art galleries in search of a picture for my Christmas greetings that would be in keeping with the feast that Christmas represents. The traditional Madonna and Child has always held a great attraction for me and this year I have selected one which I hope will also appeal to readers of this commentary. It is an oil painting on a wood panel of the *Madonna and Child* by Pasqualino di Niccolo, sometimes called Pasqualino the Venetian. He is an unknown artist whose work is of considerable rank, and who was a follower of Bellini and Cima. He worked during one of the glorious periods of Italian art and was born in 1463. According to Rodolfo Pallucchini from *Arte Veneta XI*, 1957: "In 1503 the painter Pasqualino received a payment from the Scuola della Carita for a *Maria al Tempio*, and the year afterwards he died. It remained for Titian, more than a quarter of a century later, to execute the painting. It is possible to argue from this entry that Pasqualino was by no means the least important in the artistic circles of his times."

About 10 works attributed to him are known to exist, one of which, shown here, is in the Art Gallery of Frank Partridge, London, W.1. This is signed on the parapet Pasqualinus V.P. The Madonna, three-quarter length, is seated on a step and wears a deep red gown, deep blue coat lined with gold over a white cowl. There is a background of hills and trees and a dark sky with scurrying clouds.

Again according to Pallucchini: "It is certain that this work is the finest yet recognized as by Pasqualino, and, if it was not signed, one would willingly believe it to be by Cima da Conegliano." The painting is in a carved gilt wood frame with columns to either side and measures 2 ft. 6 in. by 2 ft. 1½ in. and was formerly in the collections of Prince Louis Napoleon, and Charles Butler, Esq. I like to think that this little known but beautiful work conveys the true meaning of Christmas.



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